DESCRIPTION *of the* MANNERS *of the* ALMEHS, *or* DANCING GIRLS *of* EGYPT.

Illuſtrated with a Repreſentation of an ENTERTAINMENT *in a* HAREM.

WHILE at Metubis (ſays M. Denon, in his Travels through Egypt) general Menou, by way of paſtime for the evening, ſent to the ſhechs, requeſting the preſence of a party of almehs, a ſort of dancing-girls in Egypt, ſimilar to the bayaders of Indoſtan. The government of the place, of which they, perhaps, may be ſaid to make a part, raiſed difficulties againſt their attendance. Polluted by the eyes of infidels, their reputation might diminiſh; poſſibly, their ſtation be loſt: a ſpecimen this, of the contempt in which a Frank is held by a moſlem; ſince, here, the moſt corrupt of the community were to be defiled by his very looks! Some old offences, however, to be repaired, the preſence of the general, and eſpecially of two hundred ſoldiers, removed the obſtacles. The almehs arrived, and did not appear to have any ſhare of the political or religious ſcruples of the ſhechs. They denied, however, with a pleaſing gracefulneſs, what the French thought the leaſt of favours, ſuch as that of diſcovering their eyes and lips, for all the reſt was negligently free; and they ſoon ſeemed to forget concealment, clothed as they were with coloured gauzes, and ill-faſtened girdles, which, every now and then, they careleſly tightened, with a playfulneſs that had ſomething in it agreeable, and that reminded the French of their own countrywomen. They had brought two inſtruments, the one a bag-pipe, and the other a tambourine, made with an earthern pot, and which was beat with their hands. They were ſeven in number. Two began to dance, while the others ſung, accompanying themſelves with caſtagnettes, in the form of little cymbals, of the ſize of a crown-piece: the motion by which theſe were rattled againſt each other, diſplayed the fingers and wriſts of the almehs to great advantage. Their dance began voluptuouſly, and ſoon became laſcivious.

They drank brandy in large glaſſes, like lemonade; and though young, and pretty, they were, for the moſt part, worn-out and faded.

The almehs, notwithſtanding their diſſoluteneſs, are received into the harems of the moſt reſpectable part of the community, as the tutors of young ladies, in every agreeable accompliſhment. They give leſſons in dancing, ſinging, the graces, and every pleaſurable art; nor is it ſurpriſing that, where voluptuouſneſs is the principal occupation of women, thoſe of the ſex who make a profeſſion of gallantry ſhould be the inſtructors of the reſt. They are introduced at the entertainments given by the great among themſelves; and when a huſband would ſpread feſtivity through his harem, the almehs are called upon to aſſiſt *. A ſcene of this deſcription is the ſubject of the plate.

* The tranſlator obſerves, that there is much prejudice in the matter of the foregoing paragraph. It is common in Europe, as well as in Aſia and Africa, to countenance many perſons, not for their virtues, but their abilities. It appears that the almehs are miſtreſſes of all the elegant accompliſhments of civilized life. In this capacity, they are received into the harems or houſes of the rich. On the whole, the character, as well as the ſituation, of women in the eaſt is very much miſunderſtood in Europe. Not to enter into a diſcuſſion of the ſubject, let it be ſufficient to ſuggeſt, that the ſame virtues are held in eſteem in the one part of the world as in the other.

An Entertainment in the Harem

RUINS OF TINTYRA.

[From the SAME.]

M. DENON ſaw from his window, at Keneh, the ruins of Tintyra, which he had formerly viſited; he again viſited the ruins of this great temple, now called Berbeh, which, for this time, he poſſeſſed in all the plenitude of repoſe and quietude: his firſt enjoyment was that of convincing himſelf that his enthuſiaſm for the great temple had not been an illuſion of novelty, ſince, after having ſeen all the edifices of Egypt, this ſtill appeared to him to be of the moſt perfect execution, and to have been conſtructed in the happieſt era of the ſciences and the arts; all is elaborate, all is intereſting, and even important: it would have been neceſſary to have deſigned every thing in order to have poſſeſſed every thing that it was deſirable to have brought away; nothing has been done without an object: his time could not but be very limited; he began therefore with that which was in ſome ſort the object of this journey, the celeſtial planiſphere which occupies a part of the ceiling of a little apartment built on the top of the cella of the great temple. Neither the extreme lowneſs of the roof, the darkneſs of the chamber, which allowed him only a few hours of the day for the purſuit of his labour, the multiplicity of the details, nor the difficulty of not confounding them, when viewed in ſo incommodious a manner, could arreſt his purpoſe; the thought of deſcribing to the learned of his native country an Egyptian low-relief of ſo great importance led him to make a duty of ſuffering the twiſting of the neck, which was neceſſary to its examination. The remaining part of the ceiling is divided into two equal portions, by a great figure, which M. Denon believes to be that of Iſis; her feet are ſupported by the earth, her arms extended toward heaven, and ſhe ſeems to occupy all the ſpace which ſeparates theſe. In the other diviſion of the ceiling is another great figure, which he believes to be either heaven or the year, touching both with its feet and hands, the ſame baſe, and covering with the curvature of its body fourteen globes, ſeated in fourteen barks, diſtributed on ſeven bands or zones, ſeparated by hieroglyphics without number, and too much covered with beſmoked ſtalactites to be diſtinguiſhed. Behind this little chamber, there is another which receives light only by the door, but which is ſimilarly covered with the moſt intereſting and beſt executed hieroglyphics.

It is very difficult to fix a thought on the probable uſe of this little edifice, thus highly elaborate in its details, and ornamented with pictures evidently ſcientific; it would appear that thoſe of the ceiling are relative to the motion of the celeſtial bodies, and thoſe of the wall to that of the earth, the influences of the atmoſphere, and thoſe of the water. The earth is every where repreſented by the figure of Iſis *; this was the divinity of all the temples of Tintyra, for her emblem is formed in all their parts: her head ſerves for the capital of the columns of the portico and of the firſt chamber of the great temple: ſhe is on the centre of the aſtragal: ſhe is gigantically ſculptured on the exterior wall of the bottom: ſhe is the object of the ornaments of the frize and the cornice: ſhe is in all the pictures, with her attributes: it is her to whom all the offerings are made, when it is not ſhe herſelf who makes them, to Oſiris, her huſband: ſhe is on the doors which form the entrances of the encloſure: it is to her that are dedicated the little temples that bear her inſcription; in that

* This appears to be a miſtake: Iſis is the *moon*, Orus the *earth*.

which is on the right of the entrance, ſhe is triumphing over two evil geniuſes; in that which is behind the greater, ſhe is inceſſantly depicted as holding Orus in her arms, defending him againſt all attack, confiding him only to the figures of cows, ſuckling him at all ages, from infancy to puberty, holding him in her arms like a child juſt born, and ſometimes as offering him the breaſt, which he receives ſtanding, being already near the height of his mother.

M. Denon devoted all the moments in which he was without light ſufficient for his view of the planiſphere to meaſuring the capitals, the columns, taking the plans, and entering into other details. There remain neither hinges nor faſtening to thoſe doors which encloſed myſteries of which the prieſts were ſo jealous, which encloſed alſo, perhaps, the treaſures of the ſtate, concealed with the ſame care: for, the ſanctuaries reſembling ſtrong boxes by their double encloſure, preceded by ſo many doors; the chambers, devoted to an eternal night; the myſtery ſpread over the rites, as obſcure as the temples; the initiations, ſo difficult to be obtained, to which no ſtranger was ever admitted, and of which we have no idea, except that they were myſterious; the government and the religion which loſt all its ſtrength and all its empire from the moment in which Cambyſes violated the ſanctuaries, overthrew the divinities, and emptied the treaſures; each declare that theſe temples contained the *eſſence*, ſo to ſay, of all, from which emanated all.

M. Denon's reſearches, his obſervations, and his labours, were ſtopped by the eagerneſs of the ſheeh of the village to deliver the neighbourhood of the preſence of the French: as ſoon as it was day-break, he brought the contribution; and, the general recalling the troops, M. Denon's expedition was terminated.

He had taken the copy of an inſcription ſculptured in fair and large Grecian characters, placed, like that of Kûs, on the liſtels of the right and left of the corona of one of the doors of the circumvallation, to the ſouth of the temple: here follows the inſcription, with the exception of ſome errors, produced by the deſtruction of the letters:

ΤΡΙΕΡΑΤΤΟΚΙΑΤΟΓΣΚΑΙΣΡΘΣΑΘΕΟΥΤΙΣΤΑΔΙΟΣΕΑΕΤ↻L: :U: : : ΡΑΣΡΟΤΕΡΙΠΙΟΠΑΙΟΤΟΚΤΑΙ
ΟΤΗΓΜΟΝΟΣΚΑΙΜΑΡΚΟΥΚΑΙΑΔΙΟΣΤΟΣΥΣΤΟΜΟΥΓΕΠΙΣΤΡΑΤΗΓΟΥΤΡΥΦΩΝΟΣΣΤΡΑΤΗΓΟΥΝ
ΤΟΣΟΙΑΠΟΤΗΣΥΜΗΤΡΟΠΟΛΕΩΣ : : : ΟΧΝΟΜΟΤΤΟΥΠΡΟΠΥΛΑΟΝΙΣΙΛΘΕΑΙΜΕΓΣΤΗΙΚΑΙΤΟΙ
ΣΣΤΝΝΟΙΣΘΕΟΙΣΙΕΤΤΟΥΣΑΛΚΑΙΣΑΡΟΣΟΣΤΣΘΣΕΒΑΣΤΗΙ

Below, is the ſame inſcription, with the words ſeparated, and the letters reſtituted by perſons whom M. Denon has conſulted, and the tranſlation which they have made:—

ΥΠΕΡ ΑΥΤΟΚΡΑΤΟΡΟΣ ΚΑΙΣΑΡΟΣ ΘΕΟΥ ΥΙΟΥ ΔΙΟΣ ΕΛΕΥΘΕΡΙΟΥ ΕΩΤΗΡΙΑΣ ΡΟΥ ΕΠΙ ΠΟΠΛΙΟΥ ΟΚΤΑΟΥΙΟΥ ΗΓΕΜΟΝΟΣ ΚΑΙ ΜΑΡΚΟΥ ΚΑΔΔΙΟΥ ΠΟΣΤΟΥΜΟΥ ΕΠΙΣΤΡΑΤΗΓΟΥ ΤΡΥΦΩΝΟΣ ΣΤΡΑΤΗΓΟΥΝΤΟΣ ΟΙ ΑΠΟ ΤΗΣ ΜΗΤΡΟΠΟΛΕΩΣ ΙΕΡΩΣΑΝ ΕΚ ΝΟΜΟΥ ΤΟ ΠΡΟΠΥΛΑΟΝ ΙΣΙΔΙ ΘΕΑΙ ΜΕΓΙΣΤΗΙ ΚΑΙ ΤΟΙΣ ΣΥΝΝΑΟΙΣ ΘΕΟΙΣ ΕΤΟΥΣ ΛΔ ΚΑΙΣΑΡΟΣ ΘΩΤΟ ΣΕΒΑΣΤΗΙ

FOR THE CONSERVATION OF THE EMPEROR CÆSAR, GOD, SON OF JUPITER, AUTHOR OF OUR LIBERTY, WHEN, PUBLIUS-OCTAVIUS BEING GOVERNOR, MARCUS CLAUDIUS POSTHUMUS COMMANDANT-GENERAL, TRYPHON, AND COMMANDANT-PARTICULAR OF THE TROOPS, THE ENVOYS OF THE METROPOLIS CONSECRATED, IN VIRTUE OF A LAW, THE PROPYLÆUM TO ISIS, MOST GREAT GODDESS, AND TO THE GODS HONOURED IN THIS SAME TEMPLE, IN THE YEAR OF CÆSAR XXXI, THE COLLEGE OF PRIESTS TO THE EMPRESS.

There is another inſcription on the liſtel of the cornice; but M. Denon was never able to diſtinguiſh the characters with the preciſion neceſſary for copying them: theſe few Grecian characters in the midſt of ſo innumerable Egyptian inſcriptions appear extraordinary and contraſtine.

The following are among the hieroglyphics on this temple: a ſculpture in the little temple which is behind the greater, repreſents a figure that appears to bear a club, on which is a ſerpent, and which appears ready to cruſh the little Orus, who is ſuccoured by the emblem of Iſis, the horns of a cow, the meaſure of the Nile, ſignifying the inundation, which ſaves the earth from the attempts of Typhon, that is, the wind of the deſert: on the walls of the great temple, one of the two thouſand ſculptures repreſents Orus offering an oblation to Iſiris and Oſiris, or the earth returning thanks for the benefactions of the heavens: on the portico, is a ſculptured temple with a pediment; it has been ſaid that, on account of the general abſence of rain in Egypt, no pitched roofs have belonged to the architecture of that country; the repreſentation of this pedimented temple is held by a perſon who is in the act of making an offering, this therefore was a votive temple, an Egyptian temple, as may be judged from its door, and poſſibly one erected in a country remote from Egypt: with reſpect to the fourteen barks bearing fourteen balls or diſks, it is poſſible that they ſignify the lunar months *: the number fourteen was conſecrated: on the frize of the door which is under the portico of Apollinopolis-magna, at Edfû, there are fourteen divinities, ready to aſcend fourteen empty ſteps which terminate at an aſtronomical ſign, conſiſting of an eye on the prow of a veſſel in the diſk of the moon, ſuſtained by a prop terminating in a flower of the lotus, behind which is a little divinity: the ſame number of ſteps, the ſame number of divinities, the ſame ſign, and the ſame little god are ſculptured on each extremity of the ceiling of the portico of Tintyra, and on the ſteps of the ſtairs, which aſcend from the plat-form of the cella to the plat-form of the portico: in the low-relief of Apollinopolis the figures have their legs engaged; in that of Tintyra they are alternately the figures of men and the figures of women: in the picture which occupies one half of the ceiling of the third chamber of the apartment which is on the top of the great temple, are three figures of women, which, in a ſingular manner, ſtretch out their arms to reach a little figure of Oſiris; from the arms which proceed from their brain, it appears that the Egyptians had conventional ſigns by which they expreſſed certain things, and to which they made the moſt ſacred laws of nature and of art ſubſervient; that the ſtate of the arts among them muſt not be judged of from their emblematic figures; that they had an art apart, but that it was held within limits, and bound to conſecrated purpoſes, by rules exceedingly ſevere; whence it has happened that their productions of unconfined genius are ſo rare, that, before the French expedition, it was not known that they exiſted: on the ceiling of the chamber parallel to that which contains the zodiac, is a picture containing the figure of a woman of thirty feet in height, and which poſſibly repreſents the year, a conjecture which is ſupported by the figures on her arms and her body; here is a globe with legs, which may ſignify the courſe of the earth, and the revolution of the year; the ſame globe paſſing from the figure of the ſun to another figure may be the earth between day and night; a bent figure in a globe between a man and a woman may be that of the earth, which preſents one ſide to the day, while it preſents the contrary to night, and the man and woman may be Oſiris and Iſis, who ſuperintend and regulate its movements; but all this is

* A bark is always the emblem of motion.

conjecture, the whole may be ſomething very different: the writing which is about it, once underſtood, would probably diſcover the truth: beneath the woman is a figure which turns its feet over its head, and that poſſibly ſignifies the earth, which turns on its own axis; on each extended hand of this figure is a diſk, containing the figure of Oſiris, or the ſun at the tropics, approaching each pole in the progreſs of the year; and from the figure project rays, bearing diviſions of the year, and its influences on the earth; in fact, a ſort of almanack.

It is very difficult to conceive the purpoſe of this little apartment, the ceilings of the ſeveral chambers of which we have juſt deſcribed: it may have been an oratory, an obſervatory, a ſanctuary, or a place of reſidence: to judge from the ſubjects with which it is ſculptured, it might be believed to have been a place of ſtudy, ſacred to aſtronomy, or, perhaps, it was wholly devoted to the ſepulture of ſome illuſtrious perſonage, decorated with the diſcoveries which reſulted from the ſtudies of his life. It is entered by a little door, which opens into an apartment without a cover, and which has the appearance of an incloſed court, adorned with the ſame labour as the other parts. Againſt the lateral wall of the right chamber is repreſented a couched mummy, under which is a long inſcription. A door from the court enters into the chamber, on the ceiling of which is the planiſphere, and which is illuminated by two large caſement windows. The adjoining chamber is almoſt entirely dark, receiving light only by its door, which opens from the firſt chamber.

ANECDOTE OF MR. DRYDEN.

MR. Dryden happening to paſs an evening in company with the duke of Buckingham, the earl of Rocheſter, lord Dorſet, and ſome few other firſt rate genius' of the age, were called upon to decide, who among the party excelled moſt in boldneſs of ſtyle, harmony of numbers, fineneſs of compoſition, and beauty of invention: for as the converſation had turned upon thoſe peculiar ſubjects, each was required to give a ſpecimen of his own taſte.

Moſt of the party appeared anxious to obtain the tribute of applauſe from a man, whoſe judgment and diſcrimination were ſo univerſally admired, but lord Dorſet took the pen, and without the leaſt previous reflection merely wrote a couple of lines.

When each of the gentlemen had completed the taſk they had aſſigned themſelves, they impatiently waited in the hope of receiving the poet's praiſe, who ſhowed evident marks of pleaſure and approbation, at the different writings which he peruſed, but when he came to my lord Dorſet's compoſition, his ſatisfaction appeared to know no bounds.—'I muſt acknowledge (ſaid he) there are an abundance of fine things in my hands, and ſuch as do honour to the perſonages who wrote them; but I am under the indiſpenſible neceſſity of giving the preference to my friend, lord Dorſet.—Then holding out the paper, which had afforded him ſo much pleaſure, he audibly read the following words.

I promiſe to pay John Dryden, eſq. or order, on demand, the ſum of five hundred pounds. DORSET.

'I muſt confeſs,' exclaimed Dryden, 'that I am equally charmed with the ſtyle, and the ſubject, and flatter myſelf, gentlemen, that it requires no arguments to induce you to join with me in opinion againſt yourſelves.—This kind of writing exceeds any other, whether ancient or modern. It is not merely the eſſence, but quinteſſence of language, and ſurpaſſes every thing that can be wrote or ſaid.'

OBSERVATIONS *on the* TWO *lately diſcovered* CELESTIAL BODIES. *By* William Herſchel, LL.D. FRS.

[Read before the Royal Society of London, May 6, 1802.]

IN my early account of the moving ſtar diſcovered by Mr. Piazzi, I have already ſhewn that it is of a remarkably ſmall ſize, deviating much from that of all the primary planets *

It was not my intention to reſt ſatisfied with an eſtimation of the diameter of this curious object, obtained by comparing it with the Georgian planet, and, having now been very ſucceſsful in the application of the lucid diſk micrometer, I ſhall relate the reſult of my inveſtigations.

But the very intereſting diſcovery of Dr. Olbers having introduced another moving ſtar to our knowledge, I have extended my reſearches to the magnitude, and phyſical conſtruction, of that alſo. Its very particular nature, which, from the obſervations I ſhall relate, appears to be rather cometary than planetary, will poſſibly throw alſo conſiderable light upon the circumſtances belonging to the other celeſtial body; and, by that means, enable us to form ſome judgment of the nature of both the two laſt-diſcovered phenomena.

As the meaſures I have taken will oblige me to give a reſult which muſt appear extraordinary, it will be highly neceſſary to be particular in the circumſtances of theſe meaſures, and to mention the condition and powers of the teleſcopes that were uſed to obtain them.

Magnitude of the new Stars.

April 1, 1802. Having placed a lucid diſk at a conſiderable diſtance from the eye, but ſo that I might view it with perfect diſtinctneſs, I threw the image of Mr. Piazzi's ſtar, ſeen in a 7-feet reflector, very near it, in order to have the projected picture of the ſtar and the lucid diſk ſide by ſide, that I might aſcertain their comparative magnitudes. I ſoon perceived that the length of my garden would not allow me to remove the diſk micrometer, which muſt be placed at right angles to the teleſcope, far enough to make it appear no larger than the ſtar; and, not having diſks of a leſs diameter prepared, I placed the ſmalleſt I had, as far from me as the ſituation of the ſtar would allow. Then, bringing its image again by the ſide of the diſk, and viewing, at the ſame time, with one eye the magnified ſtar, while the other eye ſaw the lucid diſk, I perceived that Ceres, which is the name the diſcoverer has given to the ſtar, was hardly more than one third of the diameter of the diſk, and certainly leſs than one half of it.

This being repeated, and always appearing the ſame, we ſhall not under-rate the ſize of the ſtar, by admitting its diameter to have been 45 hundredths of the lucid diſk.

The power of the teleſcope, very preciſely aſcertained, by terreſtrial geometrical meaſures properly reduced to the focus of the mirror on the ſtars, was 370,42. The diſtance of the lucid diſk from the eye, was 2131 inches; and its diameter 3,4 inches. Hence we compute, that the diſk was ſeen under an angle of 5′ 29″,09; and Ceres, when magnified 370 times, appearing, as we have ſhewn, 45 hundredths of that magnitude, its real diameter could not exceed 0″,40. Had this diameter amounted to as much as was formerly eſtimated, the power of 370 would have made it appear of 6′ 10″,

* By comparing its apparent diſk with that of the Georgian planet, it was eſtimated, that the real diameter of this new ſtar could not amount to ⅛ of that of our moon.

which is more than the whole lucid disk.

This extraordinary result raised in me a suspicion, that the power 370 of a 7-feet telescope, and its aperture of 6.3 inches, might not be sufficient to shew the planet's feeble light properly. I therefore adapted my 10-feet instrument to observations with lucid disks; which require a different arrangement of the head of the telescope and finder: I also made some small transparencies, to represent the object I intended to measure.

April 21. The night being pretty clear, though perhaps not quite so proper for delicate vision as I could have wished, I directed my 10-feet reflector, with a magnifying power of 516,54, also ascertained by geometrical terrestrial measures reduced to the focus of the instrument on celestial objects, to Mr. Piazzi's star, and compared it with a lucid disk, placed at 1486 inches from the eye, and of 1,4 inch in diameter. I varied the distance of the lucid disk many times; and fixed at last on the above-mentioned one, as the best I could find. There was, however, a haziness about the star, which resembled a faint coma; and this, it may be supposed, must render the measure less satisfactory than it would otherwise have been.

From these data we compute, that the disk appeared to the natural eye under an angle of 3′ 14″,33; while Ceres, when magnified 516½ times, was seen by the other eye of an equal magnitude: and that consequently its real diameter, by measurement, was only 0″,38.

April 22. 11^h 38′, sidereal time. I used now a more perfect small mirror; the former one having been injured by long continued solar observations. This gave me the apparent diameters of the stars uncommonly well defined; to which, perhaps, the very favourable and undisturbed clearness of the atmosphere might contribute considerably.

With a magnifying power of 881,51, properly ascertained, like those which have been mentioned before, I viewed Dr. Olber's star, and compared it with a lucid disk of 1.4 inch in diameter, placed at 1514 inches from the eye, measured, like the rest of the distances, with long deal rods. The star appeared to me so ill defined, that, ascribing it to the eye-glass, I thought it not adviseable to compare the object, as it then appeared, with a well defined lucid disk. Exchanging the glass for that which gives the telescope a magnifying power of 516½, I found Pallas, as the discoverer wishes to have it called, better defined; and saw, when brought together, that it was considerably less in diameter than the lucid disk.

In order to produce an equality, I removed the disk to 1942 inches; and still found Pallas considerably less than the disk.

Before I changed the distance again, I wished to ascertain whether Ceres or Pallas would appear under the largest angle, especially as the air was now more pure than last night. On comparing the diameter of Ceres with that of the lucid disk, I found it certainly less than the disk. By proper attention, and continued examination, for at least an hour, I judged it to be nearly ¾ of the lucid disk.

Then, if we calculate as before, it appears by this observation, in which there is great reason to place confidence, that the angle under which this star appeared, was only 0″,22. For, a lucid disk of 1,4 inch diameter, at the distance of 1912 inches, would be seen under an angle of 2′ 28″,7; three quarters of which are 1′ 51″,52. This quantity, divided by the power 516,54, gives 0″,2159, or, as we have given it abridged, 0″,22.

13^h 7′. I removed the micrometer to the greatest convenient distance, namely 2136 inches, and compared Dr. Olber's star, which, on account of its great altitude, I saw now in high perfection, with the lucid disk. It was, even at this distance, less

than the diameter of the diſk, in the proportion of 2 to 3.

When, by long continued attention, the appearance of Pallas was reduced to its ſmalleſt ſize, I judged it to bear no greater proportion to the diameter of the lucid diſk of the micrometer, than as 1 to 2.

In conſequence of theſe meaſures, it appears that the diameter of Pallas, according to the firſt of them, is $0'',17$; and, according to the laſt, where the greateſt poſſible diſtinctneſs was obtained, only $0'',13$.

If it ſhould appear almoſt incredible that theſe curious objects could give ſo ſmall an image, had they been ſo much magnified as has been reported, I can ſay, that curioſity led me to throw the picture of Jupiter, given by the ſame teleſcope and magnifying power, on a wall at the diſtance of 1318 inches, of which it covered a ſpace that meaſured 12 feet 11 inches. I do not mention this as a meaſure of Jupiter, for the wall was not perfectly at right angles to the teleſcope, on which account the projected image would be a little larger then it ſhould have been, nor was I very attentive to other neceſſary minute circumſtances, which would be required for an accurate meaſure; but we ſee at once, from the ſize of this picture, that the power of the teleſcope exerted itſelf to the full of what has been ſtated.

As we generally can judge beſt of comparative magnitudes, when the meaſures are, as it were, brought home to us; it will not be amiſs to reduce them to miles. This, however, cannot be done with great preciſion, till we are more perfectly acquainted with the elements of the orbits of theſe ſtars. But, for our preſent purpoſe, it will be ſufficiently accurate, if we admit their mean diſtances from the ſun, as the moſt recent information at preſent ſtates them; for Ceres 2,6024; and for Pallas 2,8. The geocentric longitudes and north latitudes, at the time of obſervation, were, for Ceres, about ♏ 20° 4′, 15° 20′; and for Pallas, ♏ 23° 40′, 17° 30′. With theſe data, I have calculated the diſtances of the ſtars from the earth at the time of obſervation, partly by the uſual method, and, where the elements were wanting, by a graphical proceſs, which is ſufficiently accurate for our purpoſe. My computed diſtances were 1,634 for Ceres, and 1,8333 for Pallas; and, by them we find, that the diameter of Ceres, at the mean diſtance of the earth from the ſun, would ſubtend an angle of $0'',35127$; and that, conſequently, its real diameter is 161,6 miles.

It alſo follows, that Pallas would be ſeen, at the ſame diſtance from the ſun, under an angle of $0'',3199$; and that its real diameter, if the largeſt meaſure be taken, is 147 miles; but, if we take the moſt diſtinct obſervation, which gives the ſmalleſt meaſure, the angle under which it would be ſeen from the ſun, will be only $0'',2399$; and its diameter, no more than $110\frac{1}{3}$ miles.

Of Satellites.

After what has juſt now been ſhewn, with regard to the ſize of theſe new ſtars, there can be no great reaſon to expect that they ſhould have any ſatellites. The little quantity of matter they contain, would hardly be adequate to the retention of a ſecondary body; but, as I have made many obſervations with a view to aſcertain this point, it will not be amiſs to relate them.

Feb. 25. 20-feet reflector. There is no ſmall ſtar near Ceres, that could be ſuppoſed to be a ſatellite.

Feb. 28. There is no ſmall ſtar within 3 or 4 minutes of Ceres, that might be taken for a ſatellite.

March 4. 9^h 45′, ſidereal time. A very ſmall ſtar, ſouth-preceding Ceres, may be a ſatellite.

14^h 16′. Ceres has left the ſuppoſed ſatellite behind.

March 5. There are two very ſmall ſtars, which may be ſatellites.

March 6. The two ſuppoſed ſa-

tellites of laſt night remain in their ſituation, Ceres having left them far behind.

10h 16′. There is a very ſmall ſtar, like a ſatellite, about 75° ſouth-following Ceres.

11h 20′, Ceres has advanced in its orbit; but has left the ſuppoſed ſatellite behind.

March 30. 9h 35′. A ſuppoſed 1ſt ſatellite is directly following Ceres: it is extremely faint. A 2d ſuppoſed ſatellite is north-following. The ſuppoſed ſatellites are ſo ſmall, that, with a 20-feet teleſcope, they require a power of 300 to be ſeen; and the planet ſhould be hidden behind a thick wire, placed a little out of the middle of the field of view, which muſt be left open to look for the ſuppoſed ſatellites.

12h 17. Ceres has changed its place, and left both the ſuppoſed ſatellites behind.

March 31. 9h 20′. There is a very ſmall ſtar, on the north-preceding ſide of Ceres, which may be a ſatellite.

11h 50′. Ceres has moved forwards in its path; but the ſuppoſed ſatellite remains in its former ſituation. The neareſt ſtar is 20″ of time from Ceres; ſo that within a circle of 40″ of time, there certainly is no ſatellite that can be ſeen with the ſpace-penetrating power of this inſtrument.

It is evident, that when the motion of a celeſtial body is ſo conſiderable, we need never be long in doubt whether a ſmall ſtar be a ſatellite belonging to it, ſince a few hours muſt decide it.

May 1. 12h 51′. I viewed Pallas with the 20-feet reflector, power 300; there was no ſtar within 3′, that could be taken for a ſatellite.

Of the Colour of the new Stars.

Feb. 13. The colour of Ceres is ruddy, but not very deep.

April 21. Ceres is much more ruddy than Pallas.

April 22. Pallas is of a duſky whitiſh colour.

Of the Appearances of the new Stars, with regard to a Diſk.

Feb. 7. Ceres, with a magnifying power of 516½, ſhews an ill defined planetary diſk, hardly to be diſtinguiſhed from the ſurrounding hazineſs.

Feb. 13. Ceres has a viſible diſk.

April 22. In viewing Pallas, I cannot, with the utmoſt attention, and under the moſt favourable preſent circumſtances, perceive any ſharp termination which might denote a diſk; it is rather what I would call a nucleus.

April 28. In the finder, Pallas is leſs than Ceres. It is alſo rather leſs than when I firſt ſaw it.

Of the Appearances of the new Stars, with regard to an Atmoſphere, or Coma.

April 21. I viewed Ceres for nearly an hour together. There was a hazineſs about it, reſembling a faint coma, which was, however, eaſily to be diſtinguiſhed from the body.

April 22. I ſee the diſk of Ceres better defined, and ſmaller, than I did laſt night. There does not ſeem to be any coma; and I am inclined to aſcribe the appearance of laſt night to a deception, as I now and then, with long attention, ſaw it without; at which times, it was always beſt defined, and ſmalleſt.

April 28. Ceres is ſurrounded with a ſtrong hazineſs. Power 550.

With 516½, which is a better glaſs, the breadth of the coma beyond the diſk may amount to the extent of a diameter of the diſk, which is not very ſharply defined. Were the whole coma and ſtar taken together, they would be at leaſt three times as large as my meaſure of the ſtar. The coma is very denſe near the nucleus; but loſes itſelf pretty abruptly on the outſide, though a gradual diminution is ſtill very perceptible.

April 30. Ceres has a viſible, but very ſmall coma about it. This cannot be ſeen with low powers; as the whole of it together is not large

enough, unleſs much magnified, to make up a viſible quantity.

May 1. The diameter of the coma of Ceres, is about 5 times as large as the diſk, or extends nearly 2 diameters beyond it.

13^h 19′. 20-feet reflector; power 477. The diſk of Ceres is much better defined than that of Pallas. The coma about it is conſiderable, but not quite ſo extended as that of Pallas.

May 2. 13^h 20′. Ceres is better defined than I have generally ſeen it. Its diſk is ſtrongly marked; and, when I ſee it beſt, the hazineſs about it hardly exceeds that of the ſtars of an equal ſize.

Memorandum. This may be owing to a particular diſpoſition of the atmoſphere, which ſhews all the ſtars without twinkling, but not quite ſo bright as they appear at other times. Jupiter likewiſe has an extremely faint ſcattered light about it, which extends to nearly 4 or 5 degrees in diameter.

April 22. Pallas, with a power of 881$\frac{1}{2}$, appears to be very ill defined. The glaſs is not in fault; for, in the day time, I can read with it the ſmalleſt letters on a meſſage card, fixed up at a great diſtance.

13^h 17′. The appearance of Pallas is cometary; the diſk, if it has any, being ill defined. When I ſee it to the beſt advantage, it appears like a much compreſſed, extremely ſmall, but ill defined, planetary nebula.

April 28. Pallas is very ill defined: no determined diſk can be ſeen. The coma about it, or rather the coma itſelf, for no ſtar appears within it, would certainly meaſure at firſt ſight, 3 or 4 times as much as it will do after it has been properly kept in view, in order to diſtinguiſh between the hazineſs which ſurrounds it, and that part which may be called the body.

May 1. Pallas has a very ill defined appearance; but the whole coma is compreſſed into a very ſmall compaſs.

13^h 5′. 20-feet reflector; power 477. I ſee Pallas well, and perceive a very ſmall diſk, with a coma of ſome extent about it, the whole diameter of which may amount to 6 or 7 times that of the diſk alone.

May 2. 13^h 0′. 10-feet reflector. A ſtar of exactly the ſame ſize, in the finder, with Pallas, viewed with 516$\frac{1}{2}$, has a different appearance. In the centre of it is a round lucid point, which is not viſible in Pallas. The evening is uncommonly calm and beautiful. I ſee Pallas better defined than I have ſeen it before. The coma is contracted into a very narrow compaſs; ſo that perhaps it is little more than the common aberation of light of every ſmall ſtar.

[To be continued.]

OBSERVATIONS ON THE MANNERS OF THE PRESENT AGE.

AS thoſe who have arrived at years of diſcretion acknowledge that habit makes a ſtrong impreſſion on the mind, how much more forcibly muſt it act at that period of our exiſtence, when the paſſions are tumultuous, and reaſon becometh blind? So abundant are the allurements to vice and diſſipation, and ſo numerous are the attractions by which the youthful are enſnared, that it certainly requires the precaution of experience to guard them from falling into the various ſtratagems they will meet.

'Should parents, guardians, or maſters, (ſays the author of thoſe admirable Letters, which are addreſſed from a Mother to her Son *) honour theſe pages with their peruſal, they are moſt earneſtly intreated to conſider the conſequences that the cuſtom which has taken place in the revolution of ſociety, is ultimately likely to produce? Or are they aware of the

* See Mrs. Weſt's Letters.

evils which may occur from releaſing themſelves from any reſtrictive authority after the hours of buſineſs have expired? They free themſelves indeed from a troubleſome reſtraint, and they may ſuppoſe that they avoid any reſponſibility by thus abjuring the guardianſhip which was placed in their hands.—But will conſcience, will even prudence, or ſelf-intereſt, juſtify the wiſdom of this proceeding? The hours of buſineſs which are paſſed under the eye of a maſter, will be well paſſed; but how will thoſe of leiſure be ſpent? Is it not requiring too much from volatile, impaſſioned youth, to truſt it ſo entirely to its own direction? After a day ſpent in the exertion of buſineſs, will many young men, who feel themſelves accountable to no one for their conduct, quietly retire to a ſolitary lodging, deſtitute of ſocial comforts, when the tavern, the theatre, and many other dangerous places of reſort, are open to them?'

The juſtice of theſe obſervations are not only impreſſive, but prove that the author was completely acquainted with the human mind, and knew that the paſſions of youth required a friendly guidance, though they would break through the bonds of coerſive reſtraint.—The youthful mind in general, is compoſed of thoſe docile materials, that it is naturally inclined to yield to the perſuaſions of experience and advice, and it is in the hour of confidence and ſociability, that it becomes intereſted in the welfare of thoſe it conſiders as its friend.

The forgeries, and depredations, which are ſo frequently committed by young men, who are brought up to merchandize or trade, are alarming proofs of the propenſity to extravagance, which characterizes the preſent age! But are thoſe maſters excuſable, who neglect every ſpecies of moral, and religious inſtruction, and pay no further attention to the youths who are placed under their care, than merely inſtructing them in thoſe rules of commerce, by which, at a future period, they are to ſubſiſt?

Though the indenture which binds the young man to obedience, may not ſpecify, that after the hours of buſineſs he muſt ſubmit to conſtraint, yet ought not every maſter of a family to conſider himſelf as a parent to the inexperienced boys who are placed under his care? As an excuſe for not making young men inmates in their families, it is ſaid that a conſcientious maſter will not undertake an office which he cannot fulfil; and that as his habits of life do not permit him to extend his family beyond the circle of his children and domeſtics, the addition of clerks, or apprentices, would wholly derange his plan; and he ſhould be taking upon himſelf a thankleſs employment, and at the ſame time augmenting his expence. 'But (ſays the author whom I have formerly quoted) if the increaſing evils that are incident to this early emancipation of youth, could be depictured in the glowing colours which the important ſubject demands, prudence might induce the heads of the commercial world to make ſome temporary ſacrifice, in order to put a ſtop to that early depravity of which they frequently ſo loudly complain, and of which they often become the victims.'

The authority recommended is not the wanton exerciſe of tyrannic power, which rouſes indignation and provokes the youthful mind to rebel; but that mild reſtriction, and perſuaſive reaſoning, which makes the heart feel grateful for advice.—But, independent of the dangers to which the youthful mariner muſt be expoſed, who has no friendly hand to ſteer his little bark, can him, who ought to be his pilot, and guide it from thoſe rocks and ſhoals with which the ſea of life is overſpread, feel no alarm leſt the tempeſtuous wave which threatens it deſtruction, ſhould likewiſe reach the veſſel which he ſteers? Does he conceive the danger to which his property is expoſed by intruſting it to one, over whoſe expences he does not even keep the check of obſervation? Will he not entertain an alarm for his own

ſecurity, when he looks at his clerks countenance in the morning, and ſees it impreſſed with the viſible effects of a diſſipated vigil, which may probably have been ſpent in the company of ſharpers? Or can thoſe maſters think they fulfil their duty, who totally neglect all wholeſome admonition, and never offer council or advice?

'When (ſays Mrs. Weſt) the memory recurs to times that are paſt, and recalls the idea of the heads of a family walking to church, attended by their children, aſſiſtants and domeſtics, and again aſſembling them in the evening for the purpoſe of religious inſtruction, the imagination is ſoothed by the beauty of the repreſentation, and we might juſtly expect that this ſerious commencement of the week would have ſome influence on the conduct of thoſe who had thus been taught to offer their firſt fruits to their Maker! But the elegant villas to which many of our opulent traders retire on the Saturday evening, is inconveniently ſituated for attendance on divine ſervice; or, fatigued by the occupations of the week, they muſt enjoy a day of reſt; or a party of friends are coming to, or they wiſh to drive to ſome pleaſant ſpot in the neighbourhood.'

Though this ſerious change of the breach of one of the moſt important of religious duties, may, in ſome inſtances, be applicable, yet I would hope the colouring is overcharged, and that real life does not repreſent a picture from which we might expect the moſt alarming effects—the evils which too certainly ariſe from young men being permitted to act independent of all reſtriction, after the hours of buſineſs cloſe, are certainly greater than can be imagined by thoſe who are unacquainted with the lives they lead.—In the next Magazine, it is my intention to give an epitome of the life of an unfortunate young friend, who, with every natural propenſity to virtue, fell an early victim to the allurements of vice!

ON THE STUDY OF NATURE.

[From 'Animal Biography,' by W. Bingley, A. B]

The following pleaſing Eſſay on 'the Study of Nature,' *is extracted as a ſpecimen of a Book which may be put with advantage into the hands of youth, and of all who delight in that reading, which aſſociates Inſtruction with Amuſement.*

'ONCE upon a time the Seven Wiſe Men of Greece were met together at Athens, and it was propoſed that each of them ſhould mention what he thought the greateſt wonder in the creation. One of them, of higher attainments than the reſt, explained the opinions of ſome of the aſtronomers reſpecting the fixed ſtars, as being ſo many ſuns, that had each their planets rolling round them, which were ſtocked with plants and animals like this earth. Fired with the idea, they agreed to ſupplicate Jupiter, that he would at leaſt permit them to take a journey to the moon, and remain there three days, in order to ſee the wonders of that place, and give an account of them to the world at their return.—Jupiter conſented, and ordered them to aſſemble on a high mountain, where a cloud ſhould be in readineſs to convey them thither. They choſe ſome men of talents as their companions, to aſſiſt them in deſcribing and painting the objects they ſhould meet with. At length they arrived at the moon, and found a palace there well fitted up for ther reception. The day following, being much fatigued with their journey, they remained in the houſe till noon; and continuing ſtill faint, partook of a moſt delicious entertainment by way of refreſhment, which they reliſhed ſo much that it overcame their curioſity. This day they only ſaw, through the windows, that delightful country, adorned with the moſt beautiful flowers, to which the beams of the ſun gave an uncommon

luſtre; and heard the ſinging of the moſt melodious birds, till evening came on.—The ſecond day they roſe very early in order to begin their obſervations, but ſome elegant young females of the country calling upon them, adviſed that they ſhould firſt recruit their ſtrength, before they expoſed themſelves to the laborious taſk they were about to undertake. The delicate meats, the rich wines, and the beauty of theſe females, prevailed over the reſolution of the ſtrangers. Muſic is introduced, the young ones begin to dance, and all is turned to jollity; ſo that the whole of this day ſeemed dedicated to gallantry, till ſome of the neighbours, envious of their mirth, ruſhed into the room with ſwords. With ſome difficulty they were taken, and it was promiſed, as a recompence to the younger part of the company, that on the following morning they ſhould be brought to juſtice.—On the third day their trial was heard, and what with accuſations, pleadings, exceptions, and the judgment itſelf, the whole day was occupied, and the term allowed by Jupiter expired. On their return to Greece, the whole country flocked around to hear the wonders of the moon deſcribed: but all they could ſay, for it was all they knew, was, that the ground was covered with green, intermixed with flowers; and that the birds ſung delightfully among the trees: but what was the nature of the flowers they ſaw, or of the birds they had heard, they were entirely ignorant.—On which they were every where treated with the utmoſt contempt *.'

This fable was applied with extreme propriety by our great maſter, Linneus, to mankind in general. In youth we are, in every reſpect, too feeble to examine the great objects around us: all that ſeaſon, therefore, is loſt amid indolence, luxury, and amuſement. Little better are we in manhood: ſettling ourſelves in life; marrying; buſtling through the world; overwhelmed, at length, with buſineſs, cares, and perplexities, we ſuffer thoſe years alſo to glide away. Old age ſucceeds: yet ſtill ſome employments intervene, till at laſt we are paſſed through the world, without ſcarcely a ſingle recurrence to the admirable works of our Creator; and, in many inſtances, even without having at all conſidered the end for which we were brought into it.—This is, with a few exceptions, the progreſs of man through life: It is true that every perſon takes ſome notice of nature: All can remark the beautiful verdure of the fields and woods; the elegance of the flowers; the melodious and delightful ſinging of the birds: yet few indeed ever give themſelves the trouble of enquiring one ſtep further, or exhibit any deſires of examining into the nature of theſe wonderful combinations of Divine Power.

It is one material uſe of the ſtudy of Nature, to illuſtrate this greateſt of all truths:—'That there muſt be a God; that he muſt be almighty, omniſcient, and infinite in goodneſs; and that, although he dwells in a light, inacceſſible to any mortal eye, yet our faculties ſee and diſtinguiſh him clearly in his works.'

In theſe we are compelled to obſerve a degree of greatneſs far beyond our capacities to underſtand:—we ſee an exact adaption of parts compoſing one ſtupendous whole; an uniform perfection and goodneſs that are not only entitled to our admiration, but that command from us the tribute of reverence, gratitude, and love, to the parent of the univerſe. Every ſtep we tread in our obſervations on nature, affords us indubitable proofs of his ſuperintendance: from theſe we learn the vanity of all our boaſted wiſdom, and are taught that uſeful leſſon, humility: we are compelled to acknowledge our dependance on the

* In the Lectures of Linneus on the ſubject of Natural Hiſtory, he frequently made uſe of ſome apt ſimilitude by way of exciting the attention of his audience. The preſent fable was one that he adopted in his Lecture of Inſects.

protecting arm of God, and that, deprived of this ſupport, we muſt, that moment, diſſolve into nothing.

Every object in the creation is ſtamped with the characters of the infinite perfection and overflowing benevolence of its author. If we examine with the moſt accurate diſcrimination the conſtruction of bodies, and remark even their moſt minute parts, we ſee clearly a neceſſary dependance that each has upon the other: and if we attend to the vaſt concurrence of cauſes that join in producing the ſeveral operations of nature, we ſhall be induced to believe further, that the whole world is one connected train of cauſes and effects, in which all the parts, either nearly or remotely, have a neceſſary dependance on each other. We ſhall find nothing inſulated, nothing dependant only on itſelf. Each part lends a certain ſupport to the others, and takes in return its ſhare of aid from them.

Previouſly to entering further into the ſubject, we will examine for a moment that part of every animal body called the eye, which, though one of the moſt conſpicuous, is not ſtill the moſt ſurpriſing part of the body. Here we have exhibited to us nicety of formation, connexions and uſes, that aſtoniſh us. We ſee it placed in a bony orbit, lined with fat, as an eaſy ſocket in which it reſts, and in which all its motions readily take place. We find it furniſhed, among many others, with thoſe wonderful contrivances the iris, pupil, and different humours; and that incomprehenſible mechaniſm the optic nerve, which affords to the brain, in a manner greatly beyond our conceptions, the images of external objects.—How admirable is the conſtruction of the ſkeleton: every particular bone adapted peculiarly to the mode of life and habits of the animal poſſeſſing it. The muſcular ſyſtem is ſtill more entitled to our wonder; and if we enter into examination of the viſcera, the ſkin, and the other parts of the body, we can fix no bounds to our aſtoniſhment.

But all the common operations of nature, great as they are, become in general ſo familiar to us, that in a great meaſure they ceaſe to attract our notice. Thus alſo all the uſual powers of animal life, which, were they but adverted to, could not fail to affect the mind with the moſt awful impreſſions, are ſuffered to operate unheeded, as if unſeen.—We all know, for example, that, whenever inclination prompts to it, we can, by a very ſlight exertion of our vital faculties, raiſe our hand to our head. Nothing ſeems more ſimple, or more eaſy than this action; yet when we attempt to form an idea of the way in which that incorporeal exiſtence that we call *mind*, can operate upon matter, and thus put it in motion, we are perfectly loſt in the incomprehenſible immenſity that ſurrounds us. When we try to inveſtigate the properties of matter, we perceive that by patience and attention we can make a progreſs in attainments to which, according to our limited ideas, bounds can ſcarcely be aſſigned. The motions of the planets can be aſcertained, their diſtances meaſured, and their periods aſſigned. The mathematician can demonſtrate with the moſt deciſive certainty, that no fly can alight upon this globe which we inhabit, without communicating motion to it; and he can aſcertain, if he chooſes to do it, with the moſt accurate preciſion, what muſt be the exact amount of the motion thus produced. In this train of inveſtigation the mind of a Newton can diſplay its ſuperior powers, and ſoar to a height that exalts it far above the reach of others; and yet, in trying to explain the cauſe of animal motion, the meaneſt reptile that crawls upon the ground is, humiliating as the thought may be, on a footing of perfect equality with a Newton: they can alike exert the powers conferred on them by the Almighty creator, without being able to form the ſmalleſt idea of the way in which they are enabled to produce theſe effects. Man, however, can contemplate theſe effects if he will: and man, perhaps alone, of all the

animals that exiſt on this globe, is permitted, by contemplating the wonders that theſe unfold, to form, if he pleaſes, ſome idea of his own nothingneſs, with a view to moderate his pride, and thus to exalt himſelf above the unconſcious agents that ſurround him.

When the anatomiſt conſiders how many muſcles muſt be put in motion before any animal exertion can be effected: when he views them one by one, and tries to aſcertain the preciſe degree to which each individual muſcle muſt be conſtricted or relaxed, before the particular motion indicated can be effected, he finds himſelf loſt in the labyrinth of calculations in which this involves him. When he further reflects that it is not his own body only that is endowed with the faculty of calling forth theſe incomprehenſible energies, but that the moſt inſignificant inſect is veſted with powers of a ſimilar nature, he is ſtill more confounded. A ſkilful naturaliſt has been able to perceive that in the body of the loweſt caterpillar, which, in the common opinion, is one of the moſt degraded exiſtences on this globe, there are upward of *two thouſand* muſcles, all of which can be brought into action with as much facility, at the will of that inſect, and perform their ſeveral offices with as much accuracy, promptitude, and preciſion, as the moſt perfect animal; and all this is done by that inſect, with equal conſciouſneſs of the manner how, as the ſimilar voluntary actions of man himſelf are affected! It would be no eaſy matter to make ſome men believe that the minute Ephemera fly, whoſe life is but for the continuance of a few hours, is, in all its parts, for the functions it has to perform, as complete as the ſtately elephant that treads the foreſts of India for a century. Little do they ſuppoſe that even in its appearance, under the greateſt magnifying powers, it is as elegant in every reſpect, and as beautifully finiſhed, as any of the larger animals! Unlike the paltry productions of man, all the minute parts of theſe works of God appear in greater perfection and afford to us a greater degree of admiration, the more minutely and more accurately they are examined. M. de Liſle ſaw with a microſcope, a very ſmall inſect, that, in one ſecond of time advanced three inches, taking *five hundred and forty* ſteps; and many of the diſcoveries of Leuwenhoek were even ſtill more wonderful than this. Thus we evidently diſcern that all the operations of God are full of beauty and perfection, and that he is as much to be adored in the inſect creation as in that of the elephant or lion.

If, from the contemplation of microſcopic objects we turn our attention to the ſtupendous ſyſtem of the univerſe, and view the heavens, what an aſtoniſhing field of admiration is again afforded us. This huge world that we tread is but a ſpeck in the ſolar ſyſtem; and that ſyſtem, immenſe as it is, is loſt in the immenſity of the ſpace around, our ſun becoming a ſtar to planets revolving round other ſuns, as their ſuns become ſtars to us. Of theſe no fewer than *ſeventy-five millions* may be diſcovered in the expanſe expoſed to our inveſtigation: but what are even all theſe when compared with the multitudes diſtributed through the boundleſs ſpace of air! The univerſe muſt contain ſuch numbers as exceed the utmoſt ſtretch of human imagination.—To obtain ſome faint conception of the wonderful extent of ſpace, we may remark that ſtars of the firſt magnitude, or ſuch as ſeem to us the largeſt, are near 19,000,000,000,000 miles from our ſun; and that ſome of the ſmaller ones are many times that diſtance! 'Great is our God, and great is his power! O God, who is like unto thee!'

But to return to the animal part of the creation, we find there innumerable proofs of our hypotheſis: we ſee all the ſmaller creatures that ſerve us for food particularly fruitful, and increaſing in a much greater proportion than others; and in the bird-kind it is extremely remarkable, that, leſt they

ſhould fall ſhort of a certain number of eggs, they are endowed with the power of laying others in the place of thoſe that are taken away; but when their number is complete, they invariably ſtop. Here is an operation, like many others that we ſhall have to obſerve, much beyond our comprehenſion. How the mere privation of part ſhould cauſe a freſh production, is not eaſy to underſtand. The organization of an offspring ſhould, in this caſe, almoſt ſeem a voluntary act of the female; but in what manner it is done, we are not only ignorant at preſent, but moſt probably ſhall ever remain ſo. Noxious animals multiply in general ſo ſlowly as never to become above the power of man. But whenever we find a great increaſe of theſe, we generally diſcover ſomething given by Providence to deſtroy and counterbalance them. Many ſpecies devour each other, and multitudes, that might otherwiſe, by their numbers, ſoon be of ſerious injury to mankind, afford food to other creatures. The inſect tribes increaſe moſt rapidly. Some bring ſo many as two thouſand young each: theſe would ſoon fill the air were they not deſtroyed by innumerable enemies.

The number of young produced by every animal invariably bears a certain proportion to the duration of its life. The elephant is ſaid to live to the age of a hundred years or upward: the female produces therefore but one young, and this does not arrive at maturity till it is ſixteen or eighteen years old. Nearly the ſame thing may be remarked in the rhinoceros, and all the larger animals: but in moſt of the ſmaller ones, whoſe life is ſhort, or whoſe increaſe is not ſo injurious to man as the increaſe of theſe would be, we always find the number of young much greater: many of the rat and other tribes produce ſeveral times in the year, and have from three or four to ten and upward at a litter.—One ſpecies has never been found to increaſe ſo much as to exclude the others: and this ſingular harmony and juſt proportion has now been ſupported for ſeveral thouſand years. 'One generation paſſeth away, and another ſucceedeth,' but all ſo equally as to balance the ſtock in all ages and in all countries.

We will for a moment recur, as it certainly belongs to our ſubject, and is a material illuſtration of the above remarks, to the firſt peopling of the world. In the beginning we find that the life of man was lengthened to ten or twelve times its preſent term. After the flood it appears to have been the ſame. We have an account of one perſon who lived upward of nine hundred years. Several of thoſe born in the firſt century reached four hundred years; none of the ſecond, that we can diſcover, reached two hundred and forty; and only one of the third, arrived at the age of two hundred years. The number of children had alſo been in full proportion to the age, and at this period cities, nations, and ſocieties began to be formed. In the time of Moſes, when the earth was fully peopled, and from thence to the preſent, we find that ſeventy or eighty years was the extent of man's life. 'The days of our age,' ſays David, 'are threeſcore years and ten; and though men be ſo ſtrong that they come to fourſcore years, yet is their ſtrength then but labour and ſorrow, ſo ſoon paſſeth it away and we are gone.' (Pſalm xc. ver. 10.) Theſe exact adaptions to circumſtances and ſituation can be accounted for in no other manner but by an immediate recurrence to God, their firſt cauſe.

In the vegetable creation we obſerve the ſame regularity as in animals. There is ſcarcely a plant that is not rejected as food by ſome animals, and ardently deſired by others. The horſe yields the hemlock to the goat; and Monkſhood, which kills the goat, is ſaid not to injure the horſe. Plants thus, which afford only the natural nouriſhment to ſome, are avoided by others as injurious. Poiſon is, indeed, only a relative term. Several plants that are noxious to man, are

greedily devoured by ſome of the inſect tribes. Thus does every creature enjoy its allotted portion; and all this was contrived for the wiſeſt of purpoſes. Had the author of nature formed all the plants equally grateful to all kinds of animals, it muſt neceſſarily have happened that ſome ſpecies would have had an enormous increaſe, while others muſt have periſhed for want of food. But as every ſpecies muſt of neceſſity leave certain plants to certain animals, we find that all are able to obtain their due ſhare of nouriſhment.

All animals are calculated, in every reſpect, in the beſt poſſible manner, for the climates in which they have to live, and for their ſeparate and peculiar modes of life. In the dreary northern regions, the dark animals become white, to evade, by their reſemblance to the prevailing colour of the country, the quick ſight of their enemies. Their clothing alſo, becomes, during winter, nearly double what it is in the ſummer. In the torrid climates the ſheep loſes his fleece, and is covered with hair. The camel that traverſes the burning ſands of the deſerts, is formed with ſoft ſpungy feet that the heat cannot crack: it has a reſervoir for water, which enables it to reſiſt for many days the attacks of thirſt, in a country where water is ſeldom to be had; and it is contented with brouzing on ſuch miſerable food as is to be met with in its progreſs.—We might go on through innumerable inſtances, but theſe are reſerved, with greater propriety, for the body of the work.

In vegetables again, we obſerve ſimilar marks of ſuperintendance. Some are alpine, and can exiſt only on the high ſummits of the mountains; ſome grow in marſhes, others on the ſandy plains, &c. and each of theſe is exactly adapted to its peculiar ſituation. The plants of the deſert are nearly all ſucculent, and able to bear the privation of moiſture for an aſtoniſhing length of time. Thoſe that are found on the ſea-ſhore could not, in many inſtances, be retained in their ſituation, did not their roots become ſo matted among the ſand, or ſtrike ſo deeply down as to render them perfectly immoveable by all the ſhocks they ſuſtain either from the wind or water. It is alſo a remarkable circumſtance, that evergreens grow principally in the hotteſt climates, where they are chiefly found in the barren woods, thus affording a natural ſhelter to the various animals from the exceſſive heats to which they would otherwiſe be expoſed.

If we attend to the contrivances of nature in the preſervation of thoſe animals that would otherwiſe, in the colder climates, be deprived of food during the winter, we have an additional ſource of admiration. Moſt of the inſect-eating tribes either migrate to other countries, or become torpid during this rigorous ſeaſon. Inſects themſelves, unable to bear the extreme cold, generally lie hidden within their caſes, from whence, at the approach of ſpring, they burſt, and fly forth. Some animals, as the beaver, ſquirrels, &c. that feed on ſuch vegetables as can be preſerved through the winter, do not ſleep, but live in their retreats on thoſe proviſions which nature has kindly taught them to ſtore up in the ſummer.

The preſervation of the young of all animals is not leſs wonderful than this. However ſavage may be the natural diſpoſition of the parents, they are remarkably affectionate to their offspring, and provide every thing neceſſary for them with the utmoſt tenderneſs. However powerful their enemies may be, the dam will ſtand forward in their defence, and frequently die rather than yield them up. In no more than about three ſpecies, of all that our books have mentioned, are we able to trace any want of affection in the female parents, to whoſe care the young generally devolve: and even theſe *may* have ariſen from the miſapprehenſions of the writers, for nature ſeems ſo uniform in this neceſſary and pleaſing operation, that

we cannot allow, without ſuperabundant proof, even of exceptions. Quadrupeds, when they bring forth their young, have, ſecreted in receptacles provided for the purpoſe, a liquor which we call milk. With this, which is peculiarly eaſy of digeſtion, the young are nouriſhed, till their ſtomachs are able to bear, and their teeth to chew, more ſolid food. Birds are deſtitute of this; their offspring therefore are able, as ſoon as hatched, to take into their ſtomachs ſuch food as the parents collect for them. The inſect tribes are generally brought to life in a nidus that itſelf affords them nouriſhment. Thus does an uniformly beautiful contrivance in rearing and nouriſhing their tender young, pervade every ſpecies of the animal creation.

It is very remarkable that birds of the ſame ſpecies ſhould always form the ſame kind of neſt, of the ſame materials, laid in the ſame order, and made exactly of the ſame figure; ſo that whenever a neſt is ſeen, the bird that conſtructed it is immediately known. This circumſtance is invariable in all birds and in all countries: with thoſe taken, when juſt hatched, from the neſt, and brought up in a cage, as well as with thoſe that have all their lives been in a wild ſtate.

All creatures know how to uſe their weapons of defence from mere inſtinct. The calf and lamb puſh with their head long before the horns begin to ſhoot. A young boar, in the ſame manner, knows the uſe of his tuſks; a cat of its claws; a dog of his teeth; a horſe of his hoofs; and the cock of his ſpurs. The calf, however young, never attempts to bite its enemy; the foal does not puſh with its head; nor do the dog and cat make uſe of their heels.

From the animal we will once again turn to the vegetable kingdom, and examine into the contrivances of nature there. If we look around us we ſhall find it a very difficult matter to diſcover an entirely barren ſpot. If, by any devaſtation ſuch is made, it does not long remain unoccupied. Seeds are ſoon ſcattered over it: the downy ones of the thiſtles, wafted by the winds, are the firſt to take root, and after theſe come various other plants, till at length the whole ſpace is filled. If a rock is left entirely bare by the receding of water, the minute cruſtaceous lichens in a few years entirely cover it. Theſe dying, turn to earth, and the imbricated lichens now have a bed to ſtrike their roots into. Thoſe alſo die, and various ſpecies of moſſes ſucceed: and when, after ſome time, a ſufficiency of mould has been formed, the larger plants, and even ſhrubs, take root and live.

The quickneſs of vegetation in hot and cold climates is ſo aſtoniſhing as to be perfectly unaccountable, were we not able to refer it to a moſt exalted wiſdom.

The following is the Calendar of a Siberian or Lapland Year.

June 23.	Snow melts.
July 1.	Snow gone.
9.	Fields quite green.
17.	Plants at full growth.
25.	Plants in flower.
Auguſt 2.	Fruits ripe.
10.	Plants ſhed their ſeed.
18.	Snow.

From Aug. 18, to June 23, ſnow and ice.

Thus it appears, that from their firſt emerging from the ground, to the ripening of their ſeeds, the plants take but a month: and ſpring, ſummer, and autumn, are crowded into the ſhort ſpace of fifty-ſix days.

Again, in the torrid climates, where a ſcorching heat, deſtructive to general vegetation, prevails through the greater part of the year, we have a ſimilar wonderful contrivance. In India, when the wet ſeaſon commences, the rain falls in ſuch abundance as to cover the whole ſurface of the earth, as if with a ſheet; ſo that in the courſe of a few hours, ponds of conſiderable depth are formed in every hollow place, in many of which there had not been, for ſeveral months

paſt, the ſmalleſt appearance of moiſture, not even ſo much as to afford nouriſhment to any of the plants. No ſooner, however, does this rain begin to fall, than in the fields, which were to appearance as deſtitute of vegetation as the moſt frequented roads in our country are, vegetation commences; and in leſs than twenty-four hours the appearance of verdure can be diſtinctly perceived whichever way the eye is directed. But the moſt ſurpriſing circumſtance that occurs on this occaſion is, that almoſt as ſoon as this verdure begins to appear, theſe newly formed ponds are found ſwarming with fiſh of ſuch a ſize as to admit of being taken with nets, and to afford food for man: they are eſteemed a great delicacy, and therefore univerſally known. This fact is related by Dr. Anderſon, on the authority of a very reſpectable perſon of Bombay, and was not ſtated till the fulleſt enquiries had been made, and the moſt ſatisfactory evidence had appeared reſpecting it.

Thus does the uniform voice of nature exclaim aloud that 'God is Love:' and that 'the merciful and gracious Lord hath ſo done his marvellous works, that they ought to be had in remembrance.' The whole material ſyſtem throughout heaven and earth, preſents a varied ſcene rich in uſe and beauty, in which nothing is loſt, and in which, according to our former obſervations, the meaneſt and minuteſt creatures have their full deſignation and importance.—'Thus ſaith the Lord, thy Redeemer, and he that formed thee from the womb, I am the Lord, who maketh all things, who ſtretcheth forth the heavens along, and ſpreadeth abroad the earth by myſelf.'

Nothing of all theſe various exiſtences was formed in vain: and that which is, however it may appear to our confined and imperfect comprehenſions, is formed with ſupreme wiſdom. It does not become us to pry too boldly into the deſigns of God: the clay ſhall not impiouſly demand the intentions of the potter. We, whoſe lives are but thoſe of a day, are unable to judge of the councils of that Providence, whoſe economy regards, not the objects merely of our ſenſes, but the whole ſyſtem of nature. We cannot ſcrutinize the performances of God, nor can we poſſibly, with all our boaſted wiſdom and cunning, diſcover the grand connexions between incidents that lie widely ſeparate in time, and which are only known to power infinitely ſurpaſſing ours. The Creator did not plan the order of Nature according to our confined principles of economy. The ſtupendous performance of the Deity is one throughout the univerſe; and if Providence does not always calculate exactly according to our mode of reckoning, it would but become our inferior ſtations and judgment, inſtead of induſtriouſly ſeeking out imperfections, to diſcover that theſe lie alone in our own erroneous powers of diſcrimination. It would be well, if, inſtead of looking to ſelf-intereſt only, in the works of the creation, we could, according to a late writer, conſider theſe things in the ſame light as when different ſeamen are waiting at one port for fair winds, each to the country to which he is bound; where we plainly ſee it impoſſible that all ſhould be ſatisfied.

In Lapland, and ſome others of the northern regions, Providence has kindly contrived that what would ſeem an evil, and is in ſome reſpects an inconvenience to the inhabitants, ſhould become a means of their preſervation. They are peſtered with multitudes of gnats which teaze them ſo much by their ſtings, that to defend themſelves they have recourſe to ſmearing their faces, and keeping conſtantly a thick ſmoke in their cottages. Theſe inſects depoſit their eggs in the water, and thus bring into the country immenſe numbers of aquatic birds, which feed on them; and which conſtitute the principal ſupport of the inhabitants; and thus are theſe people unhappy in the very circumſtance that

procures them life. If it be aſked, why it is neceſſary they ſhould be unhappy in order to live; we anſwer, that, having developed one ſtep, we find ourſelves involved as deeply in obſcurity, as thoſe whoſe ſhort-ſightedneſs has not penetrated thus far; but we are taught by this not to reſt too ſecurely on our own judgments (which are frequently built without a proper baſis) when we are about to cenſure the performances of ſuperior intelligence; and to ſuppoſe that as one ſtep more than we ſuſpected has been explained, ſo might the reſt be rendered equally clear, had we but the capacity to comprehend them.

In our own country birds are, almoſt invariably, conſidered as injurious to the induſtry of the farmer; they are ſaid to devour his crops, and to deſtroy at leaſt one half of the fruits of his labour. Little does the farmer ſuſpect, that, were he deprived of theſe ſo much deteſted creatures, but a very ſmall portion of the preſent produce of the earth could be brought to perfection. Their manure alone is of very conſiderable value; but all the ſlender-billed birds, the lark, blackbird, thruſh, red-breaſt, goldfinch, hedge-ſparrow, and many others, live almoſt entirely on inſects; and are therefore peculiarly beneficial to him. Even thoſe that devour the grain deſtroy infinitely more of the noxious inſects, than will compenſate for any damage they commit: it has been calculated, with ſome accuracy, that a ſingle pair of the common ſparrows, while their young is in the neſt, deſtroy on an average above *three thouſand* caterpillars every week. Does the farmer conſider this, and yet iſſue an unlimited edict for their deſtruction? Mankind in general want a proper degree of confidence in that Being, who cannot form any thing in vain: truſting only in their own judgment, which, every moment of their lives they find in error, they impiouſly cenſure, only becauſe they cannot underſtand.

From all the preceding obſervations, it appears that Natural Hiſtory affords us a much more extenſive moral than has generally been ſuppoſed. And the blind curioſity, which formerly was the principal motive in making collections and ſtudying the ſcience, is now giving way to more noble and more eſtimable ideas; and there are yet, 'in the inſtructive book of Nature, many leaves, which hitherto no mortal has peruſed.'

It is evident that the general tendency of the ſtudy is to lead us from the admiration of the works, to the contemplation of their author; to teach us to look, through Nature, up to Nature's God. It is a ſtudy which terminates in the conviction, the knowledge and the adoration of that Being, to whom we owe every thing that we enjoy.

When Mr. Mungo Park, in the wilds of Africa, had been plundered by a banditti, nearly of all he poſſeſſed, we find of what material uſe his contemplations were to him, on a ſubject, that to many perſons would appear extremely inſignificant. 'Whichever way I turned,' ſays he, 'I ſaw myſelf in the midſt of a vaſt wilderneſs, in the depth of the rainy ſeaſon; naked and alone: ſurrounded by ſavage animals, and by men ſtill more ſavage. I was five hundred miles from any European ſettlement. All theſe circumſtances crowded at once on my recollection; and I confeſs that my ſpirits began to fail me. I conſidered my fate as certain, and that I had no alternative but to lie down and periſh. The influence of religion, however, aided and ſupported me. I reflected that no human prudence or foreſight could poſſibly have averted my preſent ſufferings. I was indeed a ſtranger in a ſtrange land, yet I was ſtill under the protecting eye of that Providence, who has condeſcended to call himſelf the ſtranger's friend. At this moment, painful as my reflections were, the extraordinary beauty of a ſmall moſs, in fructification, irreſiſtibly caught my eye. I mention this to ſhow from what trifling circum-

ſtances the mind will ſometimes derive conſolation; for though the whole plant was not larger than the top of one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of its roots, leaves, and capſula, without admiration. Can that Being (thought I) who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this obſcure part of the world, a thing which appears of ſo ſmall importance, look with unconcern upon the ſituation and ſufferings of creatures formed after his own image?—Surely not! Reflections like theſe would not allow me to deſpair. I ſtarted up, and, diſregarding both hunger and fatigue, travelled forward, aſſured that relief was at hand; and I was not diſappointed.'

It is impoſſible to conſider properly all theſe important objects, and then unconcerned to aſk, '*of what uſe is this ſcience.*'

Natural Hiſtory is a ſtudy that ſeems well calculated to employ the *female* mind: and it has this advantage over moſt other purſuits, that the more earneſtly it is attended to, the more intereſting it becomes. It is a ſtudy alſo that meliorates the heart, at the ſame time that it captivates the underſtanding. Every branch of it teems with delight and inſtruction. Even botany, which has been ignorantly ſtigmatized as a ſtudy merely of names, is, when entered upon with ſpirit, a moſt inſtructive and enticing purſuit:

Not a tree,
A plant, a leaf, a bloſſom, but contains
A folio volume. We may read, and read,
And read again, and ſtill find ſomething new;
Something to pleaſe, and ſomething to inſtruct
E'en in the noiſome weed.

It would be no inconſiderable improvement to the riſing generation, if Natural Hiſtory could in ſome meaſure be introduced to their attention, in preference to novels and the uſual pernicious books of entertainment. If they could have recourſe to a rational ſource of amuſement, rather than corrupt their hearts and bewilder their imaginations with theſe, the common traſh of *Circulating Libraries*:—Early impreſſions frequently afford ſuch a ſtamp to the future character, as to render the proper introduction of them a matter of the utmoſt importance.—That thoughtleſs cruelty which we now ſo frequently obſerve toward the inferior orders of created beings, would ſcarcely be known, could we but teach mankind that the ſame God 'who gives its luſtre to an inſect's wing' ordains with it a right to life and happineſs as well as ourſelves; and that wantonly to deprive it of theſe is an offence againſt his works, who formed nothing in vain.—An attention to Nature from childhood would alſo contribute greatly to the happineſs of mankind in general, and to that of females in particular, by enabling them to overcome all thoſe fears and vulgar prejudices which have commonly attached to ſome of the ſmaller quadrupeds, and to the reptile and inſect tribes. They would then poſſeſs no greater repugnance toward handling a lizard, a beetle, or a ſpider, than they now do in that of a bird, or a flower.

It is neceſſary however to inform them, that they muſt not be contented merely with reading: the principal uſe of this is to direct them to contemplations on the objects themſelves, and to induce a taſte for more minute inveſtigation; but it is from this inveſtigation only that they will be enabled to reap the advantages of the ſcience, and ſuch advantages as books alone do not always beſtow.

Theſe are thy glorious works, Parent of Good,
Almighty! Thine this univerſal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyſelf how wondrous then!
Unſpeakable, who ſitt'ſt above theſe Heav'ns,
To us inviſible, or dimly ſeen
In theſe thy loweſt works; yet theſe declare
Thy goodneſs beyond thought, and pow'r divine.

THE UNIVERSALITY OF BALLOONS.

To the Editor of the Univerſal Magazine.

Sir,

BALLOONS have, during laſt autumn, abſolutely eclipſed the wonted glory of paper-kites in England; nor has the curioſity, in regard to them, been confined to England ſolely. While M. Garnerin was giving us, in this country, a ſpecimen of the improvements in the aeronautic arts by the French revolution, there ſtarted a new aeronautic in France, to gratify the paſſion of his countrymen for exploring the caſtles in the air, and aſcending to the halls of the clouds. A Mr. Czerny roſe in a balloon to amuſe the curioſity of the emperor of Ruſſia and the inhabitants of St. Peterſburgh. And there is, in truth, ſcarce a country in Europe in which one attempt or another has not been of late made to invade the province of the winged tribes, to ſoar with the eagle, or with the 'poiſed lark,' to ſwim in air.

Now at this paſſion for balloon-fights, and balloon-expeditions, ſome perſons are pleaſed to expreſs great ſurprize. But, in my mind, nothing in the world can be more natural.

What is man himſelf, but a balloon? His body ſo ſlight, ſo flexible, ſo eaſily hurt and torn—what is it, but a covering of gummed taffety? His mind, big with varieties, with reſentments, with hopes, with fears, ready to fly off whenever any fracture is made in its covering, catching fire to danger of deſtruction, by one paſſion or another.—Surely this may well be regarded as nothing elſe but a little inflammable gas.

Moſt of the undertakings of man are merely flights of a balloon. What is education, but merely the act of blowing up the balloon, and fitting it for a flight? It often miſgives, even when it is conducted with the greateſt pains, and the moſt laborious oſtentation of theoretic ſkill. Preciſely thus did honeſt Mr. Barret, at Margate, at Greenwich, and at Swanſea, fail in all his efforts to riſe freely and boldly into the air.

What are the lover's anxieties, but the ſolicitudes of a man who deſires to inflate his balloon, and to fix himſelf to its tail in a car, in which he may riſe and deſcend with it?

The hero who murders, burns, and ravages, to gain a name, has, as the poet well expreſſes it, no other object than '*virûm volitare per ora*—to fly over men's heads, and before their faces.' And this is, undeniably, nothing elſe than to make a balloon, and mount aloft in it. The military hero's balloon-enterprize, is indeed the moſt dangerous, and the leaſt praiſeworthy of all. His is, in fact, one of thoſe fire-balloons againſt which M. Garnerin ſo kindly warned the good people of London by advertiſement.

Oratory is nothing but the art of making balloons. The orator's profeſſed objects are, 'to ſwell, to inflame, to elevate.' But theſe are the very acts properly belonging to the mechanician of balloons. He employs only words, which we all know to be but wind, breath, or air; and ſuch alſo is the matter employed by the maker of balloons. The orator's eloquence is univerſally confeſſed to be the greateſt, when it is pure inflammable matter, that is air, or as Mr. Gray ſays, 'thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.' And it is only pure inflammable gas, that will beſt ſerve the purpoſes of the balloon-maker.

Thus, ſir, it might be ſhown, by a ſurvey of all the departments of life, that nothing is ſo univerſal as balloons, and projects of balloon-flying: that, hence, there can be nothing more natural than the curioſity about balloons, which ſome men have lately preſumed to find fault with.

Yours, &c,

NUGACULUS.

ON PAINTING.

By Mr. EDWARD DAYES, Painter.

ESSAY V.—*ON INVENTION.*

Then, bold Invention, all thy powers diffuſe,
Of all thy ſiſters thou the nobleſt muſe:
Thee every art, thee ev'ry grace inſpires,
Thee Phœbus fills with all his brighteſt fires.

MASON'S FRESNOY.

WE ſhould never forget, that the value of every art ariſes from the degree of mental capacity requiſite to its production, and the degree of inſtruction or pleaſure reſulting therefrom. Hence Invention is juſtly ranked as the firſt and moſt noble part of the art; by it we diſtinguiſh the philoſopher from the mere painter, for he whoſe powers are confined to imitation deſerves no better name.

Invention not only relates to the way in which the artiſt tells the ſtory, but, in a higher ſenſe, requires the aid of ſuch probable incidents as may contribute to its further illuſtration. Raphael, in his Paul at Lyſtra, has finely contrived to ſhow the miracle wrought, by making one of the ſpectators, full of wonder and aſtoniſhment, lifting up the drapery to examine the limbs that have acquired their proper ſhape. N. Pouſſin, to convey an idea of the ſize of Polyphemus, has placed him on the diſtant mountains, and, by interpoſing a great medium of air, has ſeparated him from the figures of the ſame ſize on the fore-ground, and thereby produced a gigantic effect that beggars all deſcription. Barry, in his picture of Elyſium, has repreſented ſpiritual beings conducting the earth, thereby indicating that the world is governed by a ſupreme intelligence *.

The laws that govern hiſtorical painting are not confined to it, but extend to every other ſpecies of compoſition: hence it becomes the moſt noble part of the art, and from which all the others are but as ſo many branches. It not only requires a thorough knowledge of the human figure, but its attire, with landſcape, architecture, &c. ſo that we may juſtly term it the only univerſal part of the art.

Some men, who term themſelves artiſts, move in an orbit ſo confined that their motions are ſcarcely diſcernible without the aid of ſome ſtrong magnifier. Unfortunately for the arts, the trifler meets with the moſt ſucceſs; perhaps the higher parts of the art are not ſo immediately within the reach of the capacity of the common obſerver: like jewels, their intrinſic value is known but to few. Sir Joſhua juſtly obſerves, 'that the loweſt ſtyle will be the moſt popular, as it falls within the compaſs of ignorance itſelf; and the vulgar will always be pleaſed with what is natural, in the confined and miſunderſtood ſenſe of the word.' Wiſdom is rather an unprofitable commodity; for we too often find in life the moſt ignorant the moſt ſucceſsful, and the moſt ſucceſsful the moſt honoured.

The great artiſts of former times

* The above is one of a ſeries of pictures preſerved in the great room of the Society of Arts in the Adelphi. In thoſe pictures the artiſt may be ſaid to have invented his ſubjects altogether, and has ſo connected them as to illuſtrate that great moral truth, 'that the attainment of happineſs, individual as well as public, depends on the cultivation of the human faculties.' They exhibit a fine ſyſtem of ethics, at the ſame time that they expreſs, in a moſt determined and maſterly way, the beauty and advantages of legiſlation.

did not only practiſe hiſtory, but portrait, nay even landſcape, and often excelled in architecture: then it was that one good was enough to inſure a man ſucceſs and fortune, while now twenty haſty ones will ſcarcely furniſh him bread. Little and poor ſpirits have formerly made them ſeparate ſtudies, and their inability diſqualified them from teaching on a more liberal and extenſive ſcale, and now the practice of many is inſignificant and contemptible.

Man loves himſelf, and of courſe is intereſted in whatever relates thereto: hence the great end of painting ſhould be, recording actions of great perſonal patience, ſufferance, or heroiſm; but, above all, embodying ſome important moral truth for the edification of mankind.

Some lofty theme let judgment firſt ſupply,
Supremely fraught with grace and majeſty;
For fancy copious, free to ev'ry charm
That lines can circumſcribe, or colours warm:
Still happier if that artful theme diſpenſe
A poignant moral and inſtructive ſenſe.
MASON'S FRESNOY.

That part of painting termed the ornamental may pleaſe and delight; but he who in his works combines ſublimity with ſentiment, may be juſtly ſaid to have reached one of the higheſt points of human felicity, and does an honour to the ignorant by raiſing them from their own native inſignificance to rank with the higheſt order of earthly beings:

The dulleſt genius cannot fail
To find the moral of my tale:
That the diſtinguiſh'd part of men,
With compaſs, pencil, ſword, or pen,
Should in life's viſit leave their name,
In characters which may proclaim,
That they with ardour ſtrove to raiſe
At once their arts and country's praiſe.
PRIOR.

In the choice of our ſubject we ſhould prefer thoſe beſt known, and, if poſſible, ſuch a one as may carry with it a general intereſt. As a poet, Milton was particularly happy in his Paradiſe Loſt; it is not the deſtruction of a city, or the conduct of a colony, but the fate of worlds, which involved the happineſs of mankind at large. The Greek and Roman hiſtory with their fables, alſo the hiſtory of our own nation, and the works of our beſt poets, furniſh infinite matter for ſtudy, as well as thoſe grand and ſublime ſubjects that occur in the Old and New Teſtament.

But in our choice from the above, or any other work, we are not bound, like cattle, to follow a leader; the ſubjects unhandled are endleſs; thoſe in the Bible abound from the moſt ſimple paſtoral to ſuch as are in the higheſt degree ſublime. Beſides, by exerting a proper degree of independence, we ſhall not only be left free to act, but thereby ſtand the greater chance to give our works the character of originality. What could be more mortifying than to have it ſaid that the beſt part of our picture was pitifully ſtolen from another? This would render us like the poor animal when ſtripped of his borrowed clothes, in which he looked ſo formidable, when behold he proved a mere aſs! Such a conduct cannot be juſtified by any example found in a great maſter, whatever proofs he had given of his powers of invention, and it would be equally unpardonable in an artiſt of leſs celebrity. Nothing can be ſo contemptible as that poorneſs of ſpirit that goes limping after another, crawling over objects like a ſlug, and leaving nothing but ſlime behind: he never can be great, that does not greatly dare. The mind, acting from its own impulſe, will energize with more vigour than it poſſibly could by ſeeing objects through the medium of another's feelings. He who imitates the manner of another debaſes himſelf, by giving his company to the ſervant when the miſtreſs is ready to entertain him.

Prints and drawings are uſeful to pleaſe the eye or enrich our thoughts,

or, by having them before us, to keep up the fervour of the mind while employed on ſimilar works of our own: then it is we may catch a grace from a figure, a grand or beautiful caſt of drapery, or a thought that may give energy or brillancy to our own, and that without copying. Collections of good prints are highly valuable to the artiſt; they add a nobleneſs to his conceptions, and raiſe and warm his imagination: ſo do fine deſcriptions in hiſtory and poetry. The prints after Raphael, M. Angelo, and the Caracci, will afford a fund of entertainment and inſtruction; and fine inſtances of forms in the back-grounds of Titian and Paul Veroneſe will be found with occaſional good compoſition. Rubens' prints by Bolſwert will be highly worthy attention, as well as thoſe after the moſt celebrated French and Britiſh artiſts.

We ſhould be careful not to ſuffer our purſuits to be interrupted by vulgar opinions or prejudices, but purſue our ſtudies full of the conviction, 'that patience and perſeverance will lead to perfection.' Nothing can be more abſurd than to imagine one perſon too lively for ſuch a ſtudy, another too grave, or a third too ſober or honeſt for a genius: the fact is, if we ſuffer the opinions of others to affect our choice or overpower our reſolves, we reſign ourſelves up to the moſt ignominious ſlavery, by giving up the right of regulating our own lives. When we have arrived at this part of the art, we muſt place ſome confidence in our own ſkill, otherwiſe we ſhall be liable to perpetual embarraſſment from the various opinions of others; we ſhould reſt ſatisfied if our works do not violate any principle in nature or rule of art. He who is doubtful of his own abilities will derive little advantage from the remarks of others, and the reſult of his inquiry will produce a maſs of crude and independent hints, that cannot poſſibly be reconciled, or collected into one point. A proper confidence is neceſſary; he cannot hope to ſucceed, who, before he begins, doubts if his abilities be equal to the undertaking.

As it is the great end of art to ſtrike the imagination, when we have made choice of a ſubject that is lofty, grand, or beautiful, we muſt be careful that it does not ſuffer in our hands by the introduction of poor or mean thoughts, ugly, inſignificant, or common-place objects. Baſſan, whatever ſubject he choſe, repreſented it by the peaſants of his own country; which deprived it of every merit but ſuch as depended on colour and effect. How oppoſite the conduct of Raphael in the Cartoons! who, knowing how much was expected from thoſe who practiſed the great ſtyle, has infuſed all the nobleneſs he was maſter of into his apoſtles, notwithſtanding hiſtory furniſhes no authority for ſo doing. As we cannot make our hero talk greatly, we muſt make him appear capable of great actions, by adding all the externals of dignity and grandeur correſpondent to high ſentiment and great action; a power which all men wiſh, but few attain.

As it is in our power, ſo it is our duty, to produce that unity which nature does not always do. Thomſon has finely heightened the death of Amelia by the thunder-ſtorm. A murder perpetrated in a gloomy day, or at night, will affect our feelings more ſtrongly than in a broad flaring light.

Events become more compact, and of courſe more intereſting, by making the inanimate ſcenes of nature more dreadful or lovely, or by adding a more ſublime caſt to the human countenance.

Though many things in nature and art exceed expectation, yet nothing ſenſible has the power to exceed or even equal the capacity of thought: it is from this power of the mind the artiſt derives his advantage. Mountains may be imagined loftier or more picturesque, lakes more extenſive and clear, rivers more rapid or ſlow, rocks more vaſt and wild, caverns more gloomy, ruins more majeſtic, and the

whole face of nature dreſſed in ſun or ſhade as beſt ſuits our purpoſe, while we may render the human figure more beautiful or grand.

The painter of hiſtory, like the hiſtorian, repreſents the *event, not the man*, which is the province of the portrait-painter and biographer.

The Dutch have treated hiſtory under circumſtances ſo purely local, that Chriſt has appeared in the ſtorm in a common fiſhing-boat with the tri-coloured flag flying; and Dalila cutting a lock from a huge black peruke of the end of the ſeventeenth century.

Two advantages reſult from going to remote hiſtory for our ſubjects: one is, it becomes more venerable; another is, that the inaccuracies of *coſtume* are not ſo eaſily perceived.

The two diviſions of hiſtory generally rank under the grand ſtyle, and what ſir Joſhua terms the ornamental, but which from its delighting in variety is better deſcribed by the word *picturesque*, which is oftener applied, and not of ſo debaſing a nature. The picturesque is founded on an union of the regular and irregular, the grand or ſimple, or the regular only: for inſtance, the arch of a bridge which is uniform is ſimple and grand, but being broken it becomes irregular or picturesque: decorations of ivy have a ſimilar effect. A head and body ſeen in front, with the hair flowing uniformly on each ſide, as we ſometimes ſee in the portraits of Georgione and Titian, is grand: incline the head, and vary the hair on one ſide, it changes its character to the picturesque. Similar groups, nay, even ſingle figures, perfectly alike, often characterize the higheſt ſimplicity of compoſition, as in ſome of Raphael's pictures, and of which there is a fine inſtance by Titian in the church of the friars of St Francis at Venice; an etching of which, by Le Febre, is in every one's hand. Pouſſin ſhowed it in his landſcapes, in his buildings, and in the ſtraight and parallel ſtems and uniform foliage of his trees. The picturesque, on the contrary, is ſeen in the contraſted groups of Rubens: the croſſing and winding of the ſtems, irregular foliage of trees, and in broken buildings; *but ever accompanied with a beautiful choice*; for, as before obſerved, if the picturesque was to be ſeparated from the beautiful, there would be nothing left worthy the dignity of painting.

The grand ſtyle requires the greateſt ſimplicity of conduct: the rejection of all things little is neceſſary to its completion, not only as to diſpoſition, form, the minutiæ of colour and effect, but to the total diſregard of all the trickery of penciling: above all, if our ſubject is lofty, we muſt be careful not to admit any thought that is trifling or mean; a fault many of the old maſters are not entirely free from.

The drapery ſhould partake of the ſame great character: all the minute parts muſt be rejected, the folds ſhould be broad and ſimple, poſſeſs an eaſy communication, and gracefully follow each other as by chance.

The application of thoſe ſtyles muſt depend on the nature of the ſubject all together; the choice of the Roman ſchool required a ſimplicity of conduct which muſt neceſſarily run through the whole picture. The ſubjects of the cartons would ſuffer by a deſtruction of the unity, from changing the character of any part: the unaffected compoſition, ſolemnity of colour, the broad and ſimple folds of the drapery, form a whole that would be deſtroyed by attaching ſhowy colour, or changing the character of the compoſition or drapery to the picturesque. But ſportive ſcenes, feaſts, proceſſions, and marriage ceremonies, ſuch as were principally choſen by the Venetians, perfectly agree with that picturesque effect ariſing from ſplendour of colour, oppoſition of light and ſhade, contraſt, and variety of draperies.

This character appears to ariſe (as before obſerved) out of the very nature of the ſubject. Who that wiſhed to repreſent an aſſaſſination would in-

troduce ſplendid colours, or great vivacity of light? On the contrary, would he not rather uſe ſad and ſolemn ones, with darkneſs, obſcurity, and great depth.

What has reduced the Venetian ſchool is want of expreſſion. Paul Veroneſe, in his picture of Mary Magdalen anointing the feet of Jeſus, has made it a meer eating-match of Venetian ſenators; and Tintoret, in his marriage at Cana, has made the company ſcarcely notice the miracle of turning the water into wine.

True hiſtory ſhould never have its gravity diſturbed by any improbable or impoſſible circumſtance. What can be more abſurd than Raphael's flying apoſtles in the Attila, the angels in the battle of Conſtantine, or St. Ceciiia in the ſame picture with St. Paul, St. John, St. Auguſtin, and Mary Magdalen? The ſame artiſt in the School of Athens has confounded all the circumſtances of time and place. How unlike is the conduct of a great modern artiſt, who, in bringing together a number of great characters that lived at remote periods from each other, has wiſely placed them in Elyſium? In the picture by Titian, in the church of St. Francis in Venice, (formerly alluded to) we find the Virgin and Child, St. Peter, St. Francis, and Venetian ſenators, to the entire deſtruction of chronology.

Thoſe who chooſe to exert their fancy had better invent their ſubject altogether, and not falſify a fact by going to true hiſtory, where invention can never juſtify the introduction of allegoric fiction. It detracts from the merit of Conſtantine as a conqueror, by bringing the hoſt of heaven to his aid: without it we may ſuppoſe he could not have overcome his more powerful partner in the empire. But the higheſt joke is to find Heliodorus plundering the temple of Jeruſalem (as related in the ſecond book of Maccabees) and pope Julius preſent as a ſpectator.

I loſe my patience, and I own it too,
When works are cenſur'd not as bad, but new;
While, if our elders break all reaſon's laws,
Theſe fools demand not pardon, but applauſe. POPE.

Without racking our invention for fables above the comprehenſion of the vulgar, there are many fine moral ſtories for the practice of thoſe who can afford the time and expence neceſſary to their completion; ſuch as the patient reſignation of that firſt of mortal men, Socrates, at his death; Curtius leaping into the gulf; the Decii devoting themſelves for their country; the ſudden reverſe of fortune in Marius at the ruins of Carthage; the folly of Candaules in expoſing his wife's beauty to his friend Gyges; the deſire of fame in Ceſar weeping before the ſtatue of Alexander; the virtue of Phocion in refuſing the bribes of Alexander; and the piety of Æneas in preſerving his father from the flames of Troy; with numberleſs others that muſt occur to every one's recollection.

The Florentine and Roman ſchools have ſeized on the moſt prominent parts of the arts, and, having perfected them, left but little to do for thoſe who followed beyond embelliſhing: whatever was ſtrong and forcible they ſeized in their mighty graſp; hence thoſe who have ſucceeded them as they poliſhed have loſt vigour and expreſſion. The Caracci attempted it, and with ſome of their ſcholars were often ſucceſsful, and for dignity and expreſſion ranked next after the above great ſchools. The Venetians appear ſcarcely to have thought of it in the rich buſtle of their pictures. Rubens among the Flemings ranks firſt: and when the Dutch attempted at expreſſion it was always low and vulgar; Rembrandt was ſuch, with a deſperate bad choice of figure. Raphael for expreſſion juſtly ranks before any other painter, of which there are fine examples at hand in the Cartons at Windſor caſtle, and which by the firſt judges are ranked among the beſt of his works, if not the very beſt. They are unqueſtionably preferable to any of his pictures in the Vatican, for

purity of invention and hiſtoric truth. His eaſel pictures are generally poor.

By expreſſion we do not confine ourſelves to the face merely, but to the juſtneſs of the general action. That expreſſion is juſtly placed at the head of the art is evident from its difficulty, for to expreſs well we muſt in ourſelves feel the paſſion we wiſh to repreſent. He who wiſhes to wring another's heart with anguiſh muſt feel as exquiſitely himſelf: hence the neceſſity of recurring to nature, and not depending on the feelings of another, as the manneriſt ever muſt. We ſhall obtain but little advantage in this inſtance from a model: we muſt therefore recur to ourſelves; and in ſo doing the looking-glaſs will become our beſt friend: for, as Pope obſerves,

> They beſt ſhall paint them who can feel them moſt.

The paſſions, as they are called, by Le Brun are overcharged, ſo much ſo as to have become caricatures. There is no laying down rules for what muſt ever depend on the feelings. Next to nature, the antique heads of the Laocoon, the dying Alexander, the Niobes, and many others, will be well worth conſulting: but expreſſion muſt be general; we ſee agony in the fingers and toes of the Laocoon as ſtrong as in the face. Domenichino and Pouſſin were great in expreſſion; but, as before obſerved, Raphael is the firſt modern.

It would be an unpardonable neglect to overlook a work of Britiſh art, that for expreſſion would diſpute precedence with the beſt of the Roman ſchool. Where ſhall we ſee paternal deſpair repreſented with more force and truth than in ſir Joſhua Reynolds' count Ugolino, or the horrors of death pronounced in a more determined and maſterly manner than in the children? We need ſay no more: Sweetneſs and Truth were his handmaids; and when he died the Graces would no longer remain on the earth. Where encouragement has been offered, the Britiſh artiſts have done their duty: in portrait and landſcape they equal, if not exceed, the beſt; and in hiſtory ſome works have appeared honourable in the higheſt degree to the nation. They will be ſufficient to ſhow to poſterity the powers of the art in the time we live: a few good works are enough, perhaps, in an ungrateful age *.

If we wiſh to know much, we muſt ſee many things of a kind, that by comparing them we may acquire a more perfect idea of the thing than the real object conveys; and thoſe ideas we are bound to improve till we underſtand the true principles of general nature, or unaccompanied with thoſe peculiarities that mark the defects of the individuals in each ſpecies.

When we have determined on a ſubject, we muſt with all due expedition make a ſketch of the principal perſons concerned in the event, or whatever conſtitutes the feature of the picture, without regard to dreſs or any of the leſſer incidents, as much of the fire and ſpirit of the actions, as well as the grandeur of the whole, depends on the firſt impreſſion. We muſt then do by our ſketch as Virgil ſaid he did by his works, 'lick them into ſhape;' for, as the firſt part depends on the imagination, ſo the ſecond is the reſult of judgment: we are then to prune or add till the whole

* I am juſtified in uſing the words ungrateful age, by the ſhameful neglect ſhown at the ſale of Macklin's pictures by Britiſh artiſts. Art, like beauty, having once withered, can never be reſtored. Conſtantine, with all his wealth and power, could not reſuſcitate it, but was obliged to rob ancient Rome to adorn his new city. Rouſe, countrymen, rouſe! you will add to your own immortality, and give vigour to the labours of the artiſt, by encouraging the noble walk of hiſtory painting. How renowned have the popes Julius and Leo, with the Medici, become from ſo doing! The preſent opportunity loſt may never be regained. Why ſhould we not contend for the empire of wiſdom as well as of the ſea?

comes into perfect ordonnance, chooſing ſuch objects as are ſtrikingly noble or beautiful, and adding ſuch acceſſory circumſtances as may beſt contribute to illuſtrate the ſtory. In our progreſs with the ſketch we may add a ſecond or third group, ſettle the dreſſes and the back-ground, whether landſcape or architecture, the diſpoſition of the maſſes, and complete the whole by ſlightly tinting it.

We are bound to preſerve a whole throughout our work, as well as an unity of time and place: we ſhould therefore avoid every thing local; even a well-known face or figure deſtroys intereſt, by rendering the work familiar.

Laireſſe whimſically deſcribes a picture of the deluge, painted by an artiſt of his time, as made up of abſurdities. Among other things jumbled together is 'the grave of Mahomet, rolls of Virginia tobacco, a cardinal's cap, a child in a gocart, pickled herrings, a ſmutch-pot and pencils, all the toys from a Nuremberg toy-ſhop, the records of the imperial chamber at Spire,' and, to crown the whole, 'the Vatican,' and the artiſt's own dear ſelf 'fitting on the fore-ground ſketching every thing after the life.' The man muſt be ignorant indeed who could be guilty of ſuch groſs errors. An artiſt poſſeſſing common ſenſe will never act ſo abſurdly as to mix in the ſame picture things antique and modern; an error common among the Venetian, Flemiſh, and Dutch maſters.

If the ſubject we mean to handle lies in Egypt, Athens, or Rome, let us endeavour to tranſport ourſelves thither by the warmth and activity of our imagination, and, by removing every thing local, lead the ſpectator through the delightful and magical mazes of ſcience, ſo that he may actually imagine the ſcene tranſacting before his eyes.

HISTORICAL ACCOUNT *of* SUBDIVIDING *the* HOLY BIBLE *into* CHAPTERS *and* VERSES.

[From the Preface to a new Edition of the Holy Bible, by John Reeves, Eſq.]

THE Manner of ſubdividing the matter of a book into ſmall verſes, is peculiar to the Bible; and it is the abuſe of a contrivance, that was deſigned for another purpoſe, the hiſtory and progreſs of which is worth conſidering.

The ſacred books, whether Hebrew or Greek, came from the pen of their writers, and were in the hands of thoſe for whom they were originally compoſed, without any diviſion of this ſort. The firſt need of any thing like ſuch a diviſion, was after the Babyloniſh captivity; the Jews had then moſtly forgotten the original Hebrew; and when it was read in the ſynagogue, it was found neceſſary to have an interpretation into Chaldee for the uſe of the common people. To make this interpretation intelligible and uſeful, the reader of the Hebrew uſed to pauſe at ſhort diſtances, while the interpreter pronounced the ſame paſſage in Chaldee; ſuch pauſes became eſtabliſhed, and were marked in the manuſcripts, forming a ſort of verſes, like thoſe in our preſent Bibles. This diviſion into verſes was confined to the Hebrew Scriptures, and to the people for whoſe uſe it was contrived; no ſuch diviſion was made in the tranſlation of the Seventy, nor in the Latin verſion; ſo that the Bible uſed in the Greek and the weſtern churches, was without any ſuch diviſion, either in the Old or New Teſtament.

It was, however, found neceſſary, in after times, to make a diviſion and ſubdiviſion of the ſacred books; but it was for a very different purpoſe; it was for the ſake of referring to them with more eaſe and certainty. We are told that cardinal Hugo, in the thirteenth century, made a concordance to the whole of the Latin Bible, and that for this purpoſe of reference, he divided both the Old and New

Teſtament into chapters, being the ſame that we now have. Theſe chapters he ſubdivided into ſmaller portions, diſtinguiſhing them by the letters of the alphabet; and by thoſe means, he was enabled to make references from his concordance to the text of the Bible. The utility of ſuch a concordance brought it into high repute; and the diviſion into chapters, upon which it depended, was adapted along with it, by the divines of Europe.

This diviſion into chapters was afterwards, in the fifteenth century, adopted by a learned Jew, for the ſame purpoſe of reference, in making a concordance to the Hebrew Bible. This was Rabbi Mordecai Nathan, who carried the contrivance a ſtep further; for inſtead of adhering to the ſubdiviſions of cardinal Hugo, he made others, much ſmaller, and diſtinguiſhed them, not by letters but by numbers. This invention was received into the Latin Bibles, and they make the preſent verſes of the Old Teſtament. In doing this, he might poſſibly have proceeded upon the old ſubdiviſions long before uſed for the interpretation into Chaldee. We ſee, therefore, that the preſent diviſion of the Old Teſtament into chapter and verſe, is an invention partly Chriſtian, and partly Jewiſh, and that it was for the ſole purpoſe of reference, and not primarily with a view to any natural diviſion of the ſeveral ſubjects contained in it.

The New Teſtament ſtill remained without any ſubdiviſion into verſes, till one was at length made, for the very ſame purpoſe of a concordance, about the middle of the ſixteenth century. The author of this was Robert Stephens, the celebrated printer at Paris. He followed the example of Rabbi Nathan, in ſubdividing the chapters into ſmall verſes, and numbering them; and he printed an edition of the Greek Teſtament ſo marked. This diviſion ſoon came into general uſe, like the former one of the Old Teſtament, from the ſame recommendation of the concordance that depended upon it; and Latin Teſtaments, as well as Bibles, were ever after diſtinguiſhed into chapters and verſes.

It remained for the tranſlators of the Engliſh Bible to puſh this invention to an extremity. The beginning of every chapter had been made a freſh paragraph in all the printed Bibles; but the verſes were only marked by the number, either in the margin, or in the body of the matter; ſuch minute ſubdiviſions did not then ſeem fit to be made into diſtinct paragraphs. But the Engliſh tranſlators, who had fled to Geneva, during the perſecution of queen Mary, and who publiſhed there a new tranſlation, famous afterward under the name of the Geneva Bible, ſeparated every one of the verſes, making each into a diſtinct paragraph. This new contrivance was ſoon received with as much approbation as the preceding; and all Bibles, in all languages, began to be printed in the ſame manner, with the verſes diſtinguiſhed into paragraphs; and ſo the practice has continued to the preſent time. A ſingular deſtiny, to which no other book has been ſubjected! For in all other works, the index, or concordance, or whatever may be the ſubſidiary matter, is faſhioned, ſo as to be ſubordinate to the original work; but in the Bible alone, the text, and ſubſtance of the work is diſfigured in order to be adapted to the concordance that belongs to it; and the notion of its being peruſed is ſacrificed to that of its being referred to. In conſequence of this, the Bible is to the eye, upon the opening of it, rather a book of reference than a book for peruſal and ſtudy: and it is much to be feared, that this circumſtance makes it more frequently uſed as ſuch; it is referred to for verifying a quotation, and then returned to the ſhelf. What book can be fundamentally underſtood, if conſulted only in ſuch a deſultory way! Thoſe who extend their reading, but ſtill regulate their efforts by the chapters, are not more likely to ſee the ſcriptural writings in the true view.

HUMAN VICISSITUDES:

Or the History of the Hon. Mrs. M——.

SO varying are the viciſſitudes, ſo innumerable the misfortunes, and ſo unexpected the changes in life, that thoſe who were raiſed to the very pinnacle of grandeur, by ſome unforeſeen tranſition are often levelled with the duſt; and that ſun which ſhone with the moſt reſplendent brightneſs, the dark clouds of adverſity have too frequently obſcured.

I have been led into this moralizing kind of reflection from a circumſtance which happened to me a ſhort time ago, and which I ſhall relate for the entertainment of my readers, exactly in the form which it occurred.—As I happen to be one of thoſe unconnected beings, who have no one to account to for the ſingularity of their lives, I frequently paſs a few hours in thoſe haunts of obſcurity, where the extremes of poverty and miſery reſide, and where I know their ill fated victims are in the habit of hiding their diminiſhed heads!

I had been ſome time ſauntering near this ſpot of wretchedneſs, and had entered into converſation with many of the miſerable objects who ſupport exiſtence by begging in the ſtreets, when my attention was attracted by a female figure, whoſe appearance ill accorded with the forlorn habiliments of her dreſs. She ſeemed not to be above three or four-and-twenty, and her form was a combination of elegance and grace: her features, it is true, bore the traces of indiſpoſition; yet there was ſomething peculiarly attractive in her face. —'If your heart,' ſaid ſhe, 'is not dead to the feelings of humanity, for God's ſake give me a one pound note: I thought I had experienced every degree of wretchedneſs; but the horrors of a priſon I am not able to endure!'

There was ſo much pathos and expreſſion in her accent, that it inſtantly forced a paſſage to my heart; and had I even been aſſured that ſhe was an impoſtor, I certainly ſhould have given her the ſum which ſhe required.—I inſtantly put my hand in my pocket, and drew from thence the ſum ſhe had beſought me to give, which ſhe had no ſooner perceived, than, in a tranſport of ecſtacy, ſhe exclaimed, 'Surely you are an angel ſent to my relief; but follow me, I conjure you, and ſee that your benevolence has neither been impoſed upon or miſapplied.'

There was an indiſcribable ſomething that had attracted my attention, previous to the appeal to my humanity, which ſhe had unexpectedly made, therefore I did not require preſſing to follow the injunctions which the unfortunate fair-one had laid.—She turned with quick ſtep down a narrow alley which faced the ſtreet in which ſhe had made the appeal to my heart, and entered a houſe where it ſeemed that every ſpecies of wretchedneſs muſt have taken up its abode. A fellow, whoſe countenance was an index to the inhumanity of his feelings, accoſted her with, 'Well, you b—, has any one been fool enough to pay your rent? But I'll ſtick to my word, ſo do not imagine that I'll be chouſed out of my money by any more of your plauſible tricks.'

'I am no longer in your power;' ſaid ſhe, with evident emotion, putting the note into his hand; 'for here is the being, who has generouſly reſcued me from an evil, more terrible to me than death!' As ſoon as he beheld the money, the ſeverity of his countenance relaxed into a kind of inſulting ſmile, and taking a candle from the table, he offered to conduct us up a flight of dark ſtairs. If the aſcenſion to the wretched apartment was impervious to that luminary,

which by its enlivening rays has the power of cheering diſtreſs, the abode itſelf was ſtill more calculated to inſpire the impreſſion of horror and deſpair! The bed, if ſuch a term can be given to a few tattered blankets thrown over a dirty truſs of ſtraw, was placed in one corner of the miſerable garret, the furniture of which conſiſted of a deal table and two ſtools.

As ſoon as we entered, ſhe waved her hand for me to be ſeated, and burſting into a flood of tears, ſaid, 'in me you behold the viciſſitudes of fortune: have you never heard that lord Eſſington was the father of an only child? In me you behold that unhappy daughter, whoſe diſtreſſes have all originated in being compelled to become a wife.'

Though ſome years had elapſed ſince the circumſtance to which ſhe alluded, yet I had a vague recollection of it in my mind, and requeſted, if it would not agitate her feelings, that ſhe would indulge me with the principal events of her life.

'My father,' ſaid ſhe, 'at a very early period of exiſtence, was left under the care of a guardian, who was completely unfit for the important truſt, and whoſe attention was entirely devoted to the accumulation of his property, while his underſtanding was left uncultivated, and his paſſions unreſtrained. In thus ſhamefully neglecting the moſt important part of his duty, it was evident this unprincipled man had an intereſted deſign, for he had a daughter whom he was anxious to ſee adorned with a title, whom nature ſeemed to have endowed with peculiar delicacy of mind. Though my father was ſent to a ſmall ſchool in the neighbourhood, the greater part of his time was ſpent at his guardian's houſe, who obſerving that his ward had an abſolute paſſion for hunting, gratified his propenſity by permitting him to have hounds. As he took every method to make his houſe agreeable, it was natural for the young lord to have an invincible diſlike to ſchool, in conſequence of which, before he had ſeen his ſixteenth birth-day, he obtained his guardian's permiſſion not to return.

'As the young people were much together, in conſequence of my father having entirely taken up his reſidence at Mr. Benſon's, a mutual partiality ſoon became viſible, which every ſtratagem which could be thought of was practiſed to increaſe. That affection which, in the mind of my mother was founded upon exquiſite ſenſibility, was in my father the mere effect of paſſion and caprice; and very ſoon after he became a huſband, it was evident that he had taken an averſion to his wife.

'During the ſporting ſeaſon all his time was ſpent in an enjoyment for which by nature he ſeemed peculiarly deſigned; and when he was deprived of this ſuperior gratification, his days were paſſed in ſuch ſociety as muſt have tended to degenerate his mind. Inſtead of mixing in thoſe circles to which his birth would have given him ingreſs, he ſelected his companions from among the loweſt and moſt uneducated he could meet with; and ſo completely did he diſgrace his family and connections, that not one would ſpeak to him if they met him in the ſtreet.

United to ſuch a man, what muſt have been my poor mother's feelings! Grief and diſappointment preyed upon her too ſuſceptible heart, and about eight years after ſhe had given birth to her unfortunate daughter, I had the miſery of following her loved form to the grave! A ſenſe of remorſe made ſo ſtrong an impreſſion on my father, that for ſome months he totally altered his mode of life, and by a thouſand affectionate attentions, which I had never before received from him, ſeemed to endeavour to prevent me from feeling the loſs I had ſuſtained. The force of habit, however, ſoon ſubdued the impreſſion of conſcience; he returned to his old enjoyments, and I was ſent to ſchool, where I not only paſſed the time allotted for im-

provement, but remained during the whole of the year. Though I thought it extremely cruel not to be permitted to paſs the vacations under my ſurviving parent's care, yet it certainly was the greateſt act of kindneſs which he could poſſibly have diſplayed; for the houſe was one continued ſcene of low riot and debauchery, and completely unfit for a girl of my age.

'From ſome of the young ladies who reſided in our neighbourhood, I found that my father kept a miſtreſs in the houſe, and had likewiſe injured his fortune by gambling, though I was ignorant, until then, that he had been addicted to the vice. I will not dwell minutely upon the years of childhood, but merely ſay, that I never went home from the time of my being placed at ſchool; my father, it is true, generally paid me a viſit two or three times in the courſe of the year. Theſe ungratifying proofs of parental fondneſs imperceptibly began to decline, and when I reached my fifteenth birth-day I had not ſeen him for near two years. My perſonal appearance, I may ſay without vanity, during that period, had greatly improved, and when my father ſaw me, he was ſo delighted with the alteration, that he quite embarraſſed me by injudicious praiſe.

'A few weeks after he had made this viſit, he wrote a letter to my governeſs, informing her he ſhould take me home, adding, that he had totally altered the eſtabliſhment of his family, and had engaged the widow of a clergyman as my companion and friend. Delighted at the bare idea of emancipation, I heard the intelligence with that kind of pleaſure it was impoſſible to conceal, and the affectionate reception which I received from my father was calculated to make me fancy my felicity complete. The lady who had undertaken the management of his family, and was introduced to me in the double capacity of companion and friend, poſſeſſed that ſtriking poliſh of manners which never fails to charm and pleaſe.

'The domeſtic plan was ſo arranged, that we were never to dine with his lordſhip, except when he was alone, or had one or two intimate friends; and the ſecond day after my arrival, he deſired me to dreſs my perſon with the greateſt care; adding, that he expected a gentleman, for whom he had the higheſt regard, to dine with him, and whom he was extremely anxious I ſhould pleaſe. The emphaſis that he laid upon his wiſh, that I ſhould *pleaſe* this favourite, raiſed a thouſand new ſenſations in my mind, which were increaſed by Mrs. Daviſon informing me that the expected gueſt was immenſely rich! Is he young? is he elegant? is he handſome? were the queſtions which convinced her, at leaſt, that my curioſity was raiſed: but the anſwer I received was not exactly as I wiſhed it, though ſtill I reſolved to adorn myſelf in the moſt becoming dreſs.'—"He is not very young," replied Mrs. Daviſon, "neither is there any thing particularly elegant in his perſon to admire; but his mind, my ſweet girl, is the ſeat of every virtue; and I am ſure you have too good an underſtanding to be attracted by a handſome face." Then with a degree of livelineſs peculiar to her manner, ſhe immediately repeated the following lines:

Why ſhould our thoughts on years unequal, waſte,
Love's not in age, but in a lover's taſte;
If time, toward the grave, the body bring,
The ſoul ſhines forth in all the charms of ſpring!

'Though theſe lines were intended to convince me that the gentleman whom my father was anxious I ſhould be admired by, had neither youthful or perſonal attractions to recommend him to my heart, yet my imagination, ever lively, formed an ideal being, totally different from the one by whom I was ſoon addreſſed. Inſtead of that manly dignity of deportment, which

without beauty to recommend it, conveys a paſſport to eſteem, I was introduced to a little decrepid figure, with every contracted paſſion depicted in his face. The pleaſure and admiration which my perſon excited, and which he expreſſed in the moſt ludicrous ſtrains, ſeemed to afford my father the higheſt ſatisfaction, though it was with the utmoſt difficulty that my riſibility was reſtrained.

'I will not tire your patience by a deſcription of the youthful follies which this contemptible mortal practiſed, by way of making an impreſſion upon my heart, but merely ſay, that upon my poſitively refuſing to receive his addreſſes, my father threatened to turn me out of doors. The motive which induced him to inſiſt upon this diſproportionate alliance was, that he had involved himſelf in debt to Mr. Mannington to an enormous amount, who had promiſed to cancel every engagement between them on the day that he received my hand. Mrs. Daviſon ſaid every thing to induce me to conſent to this hateful marriage, and was continually ſounding forth my intended huſband's praiſe, whoſe liberality ſhe aſſured me would enable me to purchaſe every gratification I wiſhed to command. If I refuſed acceeding to my father's wiſhes, I had not a ſingle friend whom I could fly to for ſupport; for ſoon after his marriage, all my mother's relations were abſolutely forbid coming to the houſe. Thus circumſtanced, I was compelled to ſacrifice my inclination, and beſtow my hand upon a being, whom I abſolutely hated and deſpiſed.

The only ſatisfaction I had expected to enjoy from this union, was from having the complete uſe of my huſband's purſe; but I too ſoon diſcovered, that though he poſſeſſed an immenſe fortune, I was abſolutely expected to account for a few pence. From the mean deſire of oſtentatiouſly diſplaying his riches, the houſe was generally filled with what he termed friends, all of whom, it was evident, felt a hearty contempt for its maſter, though they viſited him for the purpoſe of obtaining their private ends. As our reſidence happened to be within the vicinity of an encampment, we regularly had ſome of the officers reſident in the houſe, and among them happened to be a young man of the name of Sunderland, who ſeemed extremely anxious to cultivate the friendſhip of my ſpouſe. To myſelf, for a length of time, his manners were ſcarcely civil, which was the certain method of obtaining Mr. Mannington's regard; for to add to all his other imperfections, he was jealous of every man to whom I happened to ſpeak. Sunderland was even permitted to have acceſs to me when my huſband happened to be from home, and I ſoon began to diſcover a wide difference in his manner when he addreſſed me in his preſence, to what it was when we were alone. To a handſome perſon and informed underſtanding, was united a moſt faſcinating and elegant addreſs, which when contraſted with the diſguſting manners of Mr. Mannington, were peculiarly calculated to charm and pleaſe.

Whenever we were left together, he appeared as if ſome dire misfortune had made a deep impreſſion on his heart, and I have frequently ſeen his eyes, when he thought I was not obſerving him, filled with drops of tenderneſs, which he tried to conceal. Whenever the brutality of my huſband's temper exceeded the bounds which politeneſs ought to have conſtrained, I have frequently known him leave the room to hide the indignation which ſuch unfeeling conduct inſpired.

I eaſily diſcovered the motive which had induced him to endeavour to obtain my huſband's regard, and was too much flattered by his ſilent ſympathy to pay attention to the dangerous ſituation of my heart. I am well aware that my virtue ought to have taken alarm at his attentions, but I had no friend to point out the danger to which I was expoſed, for I

ſoon found out that Mrs. Daviſon was a relation of my huſband's, and was engaged for the purpoſe of aiding his deſigns. Had Sunderland ever made an open declaration of his intentions, I ſhould have ſhrunk from a vice which my ſoul abhorred; but I was not proof againſt the allurement of his ſympathy, which at once ſoothed and captivated my heart.

The death of a merchant, with whom Mr. Mannington had very extenſive dealings, ſo much deranged the ſituation of his affairs, that he was under the neceſſity of going to London, and he actually left me under Sunderland's care. All that a delicate mind could ſuggeſt, to make this intereſting period paſs away with pleaſure and delight, the too faſcinating Sunderland artfully adopted, and I had the miſery to find it ſucceed. From this delirium of happineſs, my huſband's return plunged me into a complete gulph of deſpair, for though I abſolutely hated and deſpiſed him, I could not bear to ſee him after the injury he had ſuſtained.

My natural love of virtue, made me at firſt take a deteſtation to its deſtroyer, but he ſoon regained the aſcendancy he had obtained over my heart, and by the dangerous ſophiſtry of his arguments almoſt reconciled me to the practice of vice. Though Mr. Mannington's jealouſy was excited by an appearance of attention from every man, except Sunderland, yet his civilities before him were too diſtant to excite the ſlighteſt diſtruſt: but at length he propoſed my eloping with him, as the regiment to which he belonged was ordered abroad.

Though I had often been ſhocked at the duplicity of my conduct, and moſt ſincerely deplored having taken one ſtep in the path of vice, yet I could not bear the idea of reſigning the only object who had the power of contributing to the happineſs of my life. Dreadful as I thought it, to relinquiſh all claims upon ſociety, and publicly expoſe my infidelity to the world, yet ſo ſtrong was my attachment to Sunderland, that I could not ſupport the idea of ſeeing him depart.

The allowance which my huſband made me was much too inſignificant to have permitted me to ſave much toward defraying our joint expence; but his wiſh of ſeeing me dreſſed finer than any of my acquaintance had induced him to purchaſe jewels to a very great amount. Theſe we determined to convert into money, for the object of my tenderneſs was very far from rich, and their value was far above my expectation, for they actually brought us five thouſand pounds. Inſtead therefore of joining the regiment which was ordered upon an expedition where I could not have been permitted to attend, Sunderland determined to ſell his commiſſion, and travel to ſome ſpot where we might paſs our time in eaſe.

As he aſſigned illneſs as the cauſe of diſpoſing of his commiſſion, and really was by no means in a good ſtate of health, we determined to make a voyage to Liſbon, until my huſband's reſentment was a little cooled, as we heard he was reſolved to bring an action againſt Sunderland, in the hopes of recovering the five thouſand pounds.

'For a ſhort time, I thought no human felicity could exceed that which I enjoyed; but I ſoon began to perceive an abatement in that affection which conſtituted the complete happineſs of my life. I was too much affected by the alteration in Sunderland's behaviour, to reproach him with that inattention, which was ſo agonizing to my heart; but it ſeemed as if my delicacy upon this ſubject was a licence to adopt a mode of conduct that increaſed my diſtreſs. Whole days have I ſpent in bewailing his abſence, and each anxious moment expecting his return; and at length my miſery was complete, by hearing that he paſſed all his time in a Portugueſe lady's houſe, who made no ſcruple of with-holding her favours from thoſe who were rich enough to pay her price.

'This intelligence not only convinced me that I had loſt Sunderland's affection, but I had the miſery of fearing all my property would be laviſhed upon an unprincipled courtezan; I therefore determined immediately to inform him that I had diſcovered in what manner he diſpoſed of his time. After I had formed this reſolution, I found my mind rather more at eaſe, and I was deliberating with myſelf in what language I ſhould addreſs him, when I ſaw him unexpectedly return.

'He entered the apartment with a lively countenance, which was ſuddenly overſhadowed by obſerving me in tears, and with the moſt cruel irony in his accent, he aſked 'whether I was crying for my huſband? or felt deſirous to return?" This mortifying proof of indifference and inſenſibility rouſed my indignation, though it agonized my heart, and with ſome degree of aſperity, I told him my tears flowed at finding I had been betrayed by a villain, who was the pupil of hypocriſy, inhumanity, and art. "I thank you for theſe ſentiments, my ſweet, intereſting Eliza;" replied he, taking me inſultingly by the hand; "but ſurely you muſt have forgotten there are no bonds for affection, but thoſe which yielding gentleneſs commands!—and villain is a term which ſounds harſhly to a ſoldier, even when uttered by a lady's lips:" ſo ſaying, he threw my hand from him, and went immediately to an eſcrutoir.

'I was too much affected by the inhumanity of this behaviour to be capable of making him any reply, but endeavouring to conceal my emotion with my handkerchief, I did not even lift up my eyes until I heard him ſhut the door. All the horrors of my forlorn ſituation inſtantly flaſhed acroſs my mind, and falling upon my knees, implored the Author of my exiſtence to terminate a life which was loaded with diſgrace. The fervency of my prayers, and the anguiſh of my feelings, brought the ſervant into the room; and to complete the weight of my miſery, ſhe told me ſhe had juſt received her diſcharge, adding, that her maſter had ſaid he was returning to England, and that her further ſervices would not be required.

'Abſolutely ſtupified by this piece of intelligence, I could hardly form an idea as to what it might portend; but as an hour elapſed without Sunderland's making his appearance, I ſent her to my rival's houſe, and had the miſery of hearing ſhe had left it in the company of the man who had ſo cruelly betrayed my confidence, and it was quite uncertain when ſhe would return.

'Judge, my dear ſir, what muſt have been my ſituation, at hearing this dreadful piece of news! Indeed I have wondered that my intellects ſuſtained it; but I was deſtined to encounter evils that were ſtill more ſevere! Though I had been left in a ſtrange country totally unprotected, I could not have ſuppoſed Sunderland ſo inhuman as to have incumbered me with debts, yet I had the miſery of finding that our landlord was unſatisfied, and that ſeveral other debts were left unpaid. The only hope left me, was, that I ſhould find money in one of the drawers of the eſcrutoir, but upon having the lock forced open, not ſo much as a dollar was to be found.

Deſerted by the only being for whom I had ever felt affection, inſulted by thoſe whom I was unable to pay, and drawing near a period which naturally excites commiſſeration, the accumulation of my misfortunes ſeemed too great for me to bear, and I abſolutely entertained the horrid idea of at once terminating my ſorrows and my life! This dreadful intention had ſcarcely occupied my imagination, when my ſoul ſhrunk with horror from the deed, and the very thought of depriving my ſweet babe of its exiſtence chilled me with terror, and reconciled me to life. Falling upon my knees, I implored

the protection of heaven, and beſought the Almighty to give me ſtrength, and either raiſe me up friends to relieve my misfortunes, or ſoften the obduracy of thoſe to whom I was in debt.

While I was in this proſtrate ſituation, and pouring out my heart to that Being who alone could aſſuage its grief, the door opened, and the captain of the packet entered, by which Sunderland and myſelf had unfortunately been conveyed. I will not take up your time by relating all the kind things this generous man ſaid, but briefly tell you, that he paid all the debss that were contracted, and then preſented me with a twenty pound note; offering at the ſame time to convey me back to England, and repreſent my unfortunate ſituation to my friends.

'Friends! did I ſay, alas! the appellation never was more improperly applied; for Mr. Mannington refuſed to make me any allowance; and on the day I landed at Falmouth, my unkind parent died. The title, of courſe, deſcended to a male relation, and the mortgagers on the eſtates were very deep, yet he contrived to leave a woman who reſided with him, and his natural children, between two and three thouſand pounds, while I was to receive the legacy of a ſhilling, to prevent the poſſibility of my making any claim.

Upon my arrival in London, I engaged a ſmall lodging, and for ſome little time ſubſiſted by taking in work, as I determined to ſave the ſum I had received from my generous benefactor, for a period which I looked forward to with apprehenſion and diſtreſs. The moment came, and human ſufferings could not exceed thoſe which I endured; and to complete the ſummit of misfortunes, my infant only lived a few hours. While I was ſo debilitated as to be unable to ſecure my property, the nurſe who attended me plundered my little ſtore, and left me to the mercileſs cruelty of a landlord, no leſs unfeeling than the one you juſt now ſaw. My clothes proved a reſource in this dreadful emergency, and prevented me from being turned out of doors: but I was ſo completely weakened by my ſufferings, that I really was not able to work, and at length I was compelled to quit my lodging for the purpoſe of procuring one more cheap. Perfectly a ſtranger to every part of London, I knew not that this neighbourhood was the peculiar receptacle for vice; and wretched as is my abode, cheapneſs was the inducement; for poverty and misfortune are not permitted to be nice.

'As ſoon as my health improved, I tried to procure employment, but not one individual would entruſt me with their work; for when I mentioned the ſpot where I reſided in, I always received ſome inſulting remark; and at length I have been reduced to the dreadful ſituation of owing my landlord a one pound note for rent!'

Juſt as Mrs. Mannington came to the cloſe of her melancholy narration, I perceived a death-like paleneſs overſpread her face, and riſing from my ſeat in evident emotion, I had merely time to prevent her from falling from her chair. 'Something to eat!' ſaid ſhe, in a voice ſcarcely articulate, 'for nature, my good ſir, demands humanity's aid.' So ſaying, ſhe reclined her languid head upon my ſhoulder, and I gently laid her upon the miſerable bed. In leſs than five minutes I returned with ſome biſcuits and a cordial, by which her exhauſted ſpirits were revived, and her grateful acknowledgments for this ſimple act of kindneſs may be imagined, but cannot eaſily be deſcribed.

Ye polluted deſtroyers of female innocence! exclaimed I, how contemptible does this wreck of your artifice make ye all appear! Oh that the hand which ſuffers ſuch iniquity, would cruſh ye all, before it was complete! Madam, ſaid I, turning to the illfated Mrs. Mannington, are you willing to place yourſelf under my care?

my lodgings are at a child-bed warehouſe, and I am convinced that you may be conſtantly employed; I will ſend for a coach, that ſhall convey you thither, the moment you are recovered, if you feel inclined.

This propoſal was abſolutely received with tranſport, and in the courſe of half an hour, the object of my ſolicitude was removed, and received by the worthy miſtreſs of my lodging, with as much kindneſs as if ſhe had been a tenderly beloved child.

INDIAN TRADITION CONCERNING THE MAMMOUTH.

To the Editor of the Univerſal Magazine.

Sir,

YOU have informed us, that Mr. Peale, an American artiſt, has lately arrived in London with a complete ſkeleton of an individual of that extinct ſpecies of animals, the mammouth. In America, a few years ſince, I had an opportunity to hear the following tradition concerning that ſpecies, which may perhaps amuſe the curioſity of ſome of your readers.

'In my youth,' ſaid the old Indian, who told the tale, 'I had ſeveral times occaſion to paſs thoſe ſcenes on the banks of the Ohio which exhibit ſo many remains of the bones attributed to the mammouth. I made ſome enquiries reſpecting them, and received from my grandfather, and other chiefs, an account of ſome particulars, which I ſhall now mention.

'When the Great Spirit formed the world, he created alſo the different ſpecies of birds and beaſts. He made alſo man. But as that ſort of men were white, and very imperfect, he placed them in the other part of the earth, where they ſtill inhabit, and whence they have found means to croſs the great lake, and to come as the ſcourge of the people of our hemiſphere. As the Great Spirit was diſſatisfied with the white man, he took black clay, and out of it formed the negro ſpecies, whoſe heads he covered with wool. The black man was much better than the white, yet not fully adequate to the perfection of the Creator's deſign. At laſt, the Great Spirit procured a handful of red earth, beautifully fine and pure: of this he created the red ſpecies of human beings, in whom the perfection of his deſign was fully expreſſed. With this ſpecies he was ſo entirely ſatisfied, that he placed them in the great iſland which we now inhabit, and which is divided alike from the native habitation of the blacks, and from that of the whites. He gave to this red ſpecies rules for their conduct: and promiſed them a felicity proportionate to the care with which they ſhould obſerve thoſe rules. The red ſpecies multiplied exceedingly; and lived long in proſperity. But the youth having foolihly and inconſiderately forgotten the rules which the Great Spirit had preſcribed, became wicked and perverſe. For their puniſhment he created thoſe great buffaloes, whoſe bones we here behold. Thoſe animals received orders from the Great Spirit to make war on the human ſpecies. They accordingly deſtroyed all the red men, but a very few, who, repenting, promiſed to live conformably to the laws of the Great Spirit, if he would prevent thoſe furious enemies of the red race from their further deſtruction. Their prayers were heard; and the whole race of the buffaloes was exterminated by fire from Heaven, at this very place where we now ſee their bones. Only a male and female were ſpared; and thoſe the Great Spirit ſhut up within that mountain; intending thence to let them once more looſe on mankind, whenever our crimes ſhould again deſerve ſuch puniſhment.'

Such is the Indian tradition reſpecting the mammouth. Thoſe were the mammouth which the Indians

called great buffaloes. It is curious, as an example of the fictions by which it is uſual for ſavage and barbarian nations to account for any aſtoniſhing phenomena of nature. It perhaps contains ſome intermixture of truth, eſpecially in regard to the ſudden deſtruction of the whole ſpecies of the mammouth. It is believed, that the mammouth muſt have been a carnivorous animal; and hence much more terrible to mankind than the elephant, which ſubſiſts only on vegetables. I have been informed, that ſeveral of the maſticating teeth of the mammouth have been found, which were each ſix feet long, and twenty inches in circumference. Mr. Jefferſon affirms, that the teeth of the mammouth are ſix times as large as thoſe of the elephant.

I am, ſir, Yours, &c.

AMERICANUS.

Some ACCOUNT *of the* PRESENT STATE *of* LITERATURE *in* Spain.

THE Spaniſh capital, Madrid, does not poſſeſs that great literary trade, nor afford thoſe advantages for ſtudy and publication, nor preſent in every family, or ſocial circle, that fulneſs of literary information, or that eager curioſity about books, which diſtinguiſh London, Paris, Madrid, and Leipſic. Yet there are at Madrid a number of bookſellers who act to a certain degree as publiſhers, and who import from time to time many excellent publications from abroad. Here are alſo ſome very valuable public libraries. And there are, perhaps, to be found in the Spaniſh dominions, men of genius as fervid, and of learning as profound, as any other parts of Europe can boaſt.

The library of the king of Spain fills two long apartments, with two cloſets on the ſides. It ſtands in the weſtern extremity of the town, in a ſquare, over againſt the opera-houſe. No perſon is admitted to enter, otherwiſe than in a decent ſort of full dreſs. It is open to the public five hours every day. It contains about 200,000 volumes. Spain is regarded as a principal ſeat of Roman catholic ſuperſtition; and its literature is ſuppoſed to be ſubject to all the reſtraints, which bigot ſuperſtition delights to impoſe. Yet ſome of the boldeſt productions of Deiſm have places on the ſhelves of this library. The works of Shafteſbury and Bolingbroke are diſtinguiſhed among theſe; and are not refuſed to almoſt any who deſire to peruſe them.

Nine different periodical publications come out in numbers, to gratify the curioſity of the inhabitants of Madrid. The *Memorial Literario*, one of the beſt of theſe, is a monthly miſcellany, containing curious papers on ſubjects in Philoſophy and the Arts, with ſketches of the contemporary progreſs of Spaniſh literature. Another ſimilar monthly publication has the title of 'Miſcellanies Inſtructive and Curious; or Annals of Literature, Science and Arts.' This deals ſomewhat more than the other in that ſort of information which is adapted to promote the improvement of the Uſeful Arts. Of a ſimilar character are the Salamanca Journal of inſtruction and amuſement, and the Literary Courier of Murcia. Of the Commercial Courier of Spain, and the Indies, two ſheets are publiſhed every week. Its deſign is to communicate all new and valuable information for the improvement of commerce, rural economy, and the arts. Every conſiderable city in Spain has its particular Diary, Journal, or Newſpaper. The gazettes of Madrid and Barcelona are publiſhed twice a week. The Courier of Cadiz, and the Poſt-boy, come out every day. The Mercury of Hiſtory and Politics, is a monthly chronicle of news. A Literary and Military Journal is publiſhed twice a week at Gerona in Catalonia. A Court Calendar, a Nautical Almanac, and a Merchant's Almanac, are the beſt annual publications of this ſpecies which appear in Madrid.

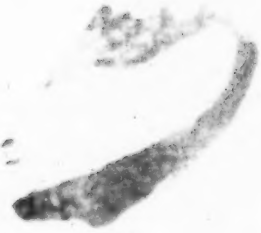
The public Academies, Colleges, and Inſtitutions for the advancement of knowledge, which exiſt in Madrid alone, are not fewer than one-and-twenty. Many of the members of the Royal Society for the improvement of economy, are prudent, ingenious, and patriotic ladies. There is a Royal School for Mineralogy, under the direction of Mr. Herjen, a very ingenious and induſtrious German. Beſide the ſocieties at Madrid, there are in the reſt of Spain ſixty-one ſocieties inſtituted for the patriotic improvement of the Arts of Uſeful Induſtry, and the arrangements of public economy. The Botanical Works of Linneus; the Medical Writings of Cullen; the Chymical Publications of Fourcroy and Lavoiſier; have been likewiſe tranſlated, in whole or in part, into the Spaniſh language. Smith's Wealth of Nations, and Middleton's Life of Cicero, have found Spaniſh tranſlators. Kerwan's Treatiſe on Manures, ſir G. Staunton's Account of the Embaſſy to China, and the Novels of Fielding and Richardſon, have had the ſame honour.

DESTRUCTION *of* MANUSCRIPTS *in* ENGLAND *at the Reformation.*

IT is remarkable, that England ſupplied, at the era of the reſtoration of learning, fewer than almoſt any other country, of thoſe manuſcripts from which the claſſical works of the ancient Greeks and Romans were firſt publiſhed in print. The following extract from the Preface of Bale, biſhop of Oſſory, to his tranſlation of John Leland's 'New Year's Gift to king Henry the eighth,' accounts in part for a fact ſo diſcreditable to the literary fame of England. Who ſhall heſitate to believe the ſtory of the deſtruction of the Alexandrian library, by the Mahometan conqueror Amru, when ſo many libraries periſhed in England, by the waſte and fury of the proteſtant reformation?

'Never had we bene offended,' ſays Bale, 'for the loſſe of our lybraryes, beynge ſo many in nombre, and in ſo deſolate places for the more parte; yf the chiefe monumentes and moſte notable workes of our excellent wryters had been reſerved. If there had bene, in every ſhyre of England, but one ſolemne lybrary, to the preſervacyon of thoſe noble workes, and preferrement of good lernynge in oure poſterity; it had bene yet ſumwhat. But, to deſtroye all without conſyderacyon, is and wyll be unto Englande for ever, a moſte horryble infamy amonge the grave ſenyours of other nacyons. A greate nombre of them, whych purchaſed thoſe ſuperſtycyouſe manſyons, reſerved *of thoſe lybrarye bokes, ſome to ſerve theyr jakes,* ſome *to ſcoure theyr candleſtyckes* and ſome to *rubbe theyr boots.* Some they ſolde to the *groſſers and ſope-ſellers,* and ſome they *ſent over ſee to the boke-bynders,* not in ſmall nombre, but at tymes, *whole ſhyppes full,* to the wonderynge of foren nacyons. Yea, the unyverſytees of thys realme, are not alle clere in this deteſtable fact. But curſed is that bellye, whyche ſeketh to be fedde with ſuche ungodlye gaynes, and ſo depelye ſhameth hys natural contreye. I knowe a merchaunt man, whych ſhall at thys tyme be nameleſſe, that *boughte the contentes of two noble lybraryes for fortye ſhyllynges pryce:* a ſhame it is to be ſpoken. *Thys ſtuffe hathe he occupyed in the ſtede of greye paper, by the ſpace of more than theſe ten yeares:* and yet, he *hathe ſtore ynoughe for as manye yeares to come.* A prodygyuoſe example is thys; and to be abhorred of alle men, whych love theyr nacyon as they ſhoulde do.—— The monkes kepte them undre duſte; the ydle-headed preſtes regarded them not; theyr lattre owners have moſte ſhamefullye abuſed them, and the covetouſe merchantes have ſolde them away into foren nacyons for moneye.'

Such is the teſtimony of biſhop Bale. It was given at a time when,



Rose coloured Thrush or Ouzel

if falſe, its falſehood might have been ſhown by thouſands of living witneſſes. It is a proof, that even the beſt of thoſe great changes, by which the improvement of ſocial life makes its chief advances, are not effected without bringing in their train the moſt ſerious ills. The libraries of Alexandria are ſaid to have ſupplied, in books of paper and parchment, fewel which ſerved for three months, to heat the baths of that great city. And the uſes to which the monaſtic libraries were applied, at the diſſolution of the monaſteries in England, appear to have been as little careful as honourable.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ROSE-COLOURED THRUSH, OR OUZLE.

With an Engraving of that BIRD, *beautifully coloured from Nature.*

THIS beautiful bird is about eight inches long. Its bill may be in length about three quarters of an inch; is reddiſh at the baſe; and, for the reſt of its length, of a fleſh-colour. On the head is a creſt of long feathers, which hang back on the neck. The head, neck, wings, and tail, are black; but the black of the wings and tail has a rich greeniſh gloſs. A pale roſe-colour, with ſome ſpots of a darker hue, marks the back, rump, breaſt, belly, and the ſmaller coverts of the wings. The colour of the legs is orange, or pale red.

This is a migratory ſpecies of birds. They abound in France. They are not unfrequent in Italy, where their accuſtomed haunts are, as Aldrovandus relates, among heaps of dung. In Aſia, they appear annually, in the months of July and Auguſt, in very great numbers, in the vicinity of Aleppo. They follow and prey upon the locuſts, which then ſwarm in thoſe regions. By this rapacity, they become ſingularly welcome to the Turks, as the locuſts exterminating all vegetation, are hence the moſt dreadful ſcourge of every country which their ſwarms invade. In the ſouth of Ruſſia likewiſe, the roſe-coloured thruſh is ſeen every year to purſue, in innumerable multitude, the courſe of the locuſts. They haunt the banks of the river Don; and in Siberia they hover, on the ſame account in great numbers near the Irtiſch. On the borders alſo of the Caſpian Sea, they are numerous. They are found near Aſtrachan; and thence along the Volga, are one of the moſt common of all the winged ſpecies. They make their neſts among the rocks; and, wherever there are locuſts, they experience no want of the moſt delicious food. Sir Joſeph Banks has in his collection a ſpecimen which he received from Bombay; a fact from which it is to be inferred that the Ouzle is likewiſe one among the birds of India.

In the middle and northern parts of Europe, this bird is rare. Some individuals have been found occaſionally in Switzerland and Lapland.

Mr. Edwards, the naturaliſt, diſcovered this bird only twice in England, in his curious reſearches. He found it once at Norwood, near London. On another occaſion, he had the fortune to meet with it in Norfolk. Sir Joſeph Banks poſſeſſes a ſtuffed ſpecimen, which was ſhot at Grantham, in Lincolnſhire. It is ſaid, too, that a year ſeldom paſſes in which one or more are not ſhot near Ormſkirk, in Lancaſhire.

The ſpecies are liable to ſome variation of the ſhades, from deeper to fainter, in their colouring. The colours of the female are uſually paler than thoſe of the male.

The Linnean name of the ſpecies is *Turdus Roſeus*. It is called by the French, *Le Merle couleur de Roſe*. In the eaſt, it has the ſignificant appellation of *the Locuſt-bird*.

ESSAY *on the* PRINCIPLES *and* LAWS *of* HISTORICAL COMPOSITION.

Concluded from Page 285.

THE relations of time or ſucceſſion, are among the moſt important of thoſe to which all created and uncreated things are ſubject. They are the principal relations of all the changes which exiſtences undergo. Neglect the conſideration of theſe, and remembrance ceaſes, and all thought is confuſion. Obſerve carefully, in regard to any particular object, the relations of time; and the knowledge of theſe, even alone, ſhall ſupply in ſome degree for the want of vivid remembrance of the imagery and the ſentiments to which they are in this caſe to be referred.

This importance of the relations of time or ſucceſſion, has appeared to mankind often ſo very great, as to conſtitute the very eſſence of all the changes in nature, and in human affairs. To mark and record the relative times of events, has hence ſeemed to thoſe, who did not rightly apprehend the eſſential character of human knowledge, to conſtitute all that was valuable in hiſtory. '*Chronicles*, or Records, expreſſing the times when certain phenomena occurred, with comparatively ſmall regard to mark to the imagination the very form and preſſure of thoſe phenomena themſelves,' have been produced, where the majeſty and power of legitimate epic hiſtory were much rather wanted; and the compoſition of hiſtory has been degraded to a mere taſk of enumeration and arithmetic.

In the form of Dictionaries, and in various other compends, Hiſtory continues to be written in the way of Chronicle, by the compilers of the preſent time. The greater part, however, of the compilations of this ſort, are as far from ſerving the proper uſes of hiſtory, as a rod marked with the lengths, reſpectively, of the feet, the legs, the thighs, the trunk, the neck, and the head of any man, would be from exhibiting his genuine and complete portrait. They are, beſides, univerſally deficient in correctneſs, even in that numbering of the times of events, which is their primary concern.

Of the Chronicle, almoſt in its beſt perfection, Sir David Dalrymple's Annals of Scotland, and preſident Henault's Chronological Abridgement of the Hiſtory of France, furniſh two excellent examples. Although not free from faults, they are in all the proper excellencies of the Chronicle ſo much ſuperior to any other works of the ſame ſort, to which one can readily refer, that they may be with reaſon ſpecified as models for thoſe to follow, who ſhall hereafter attempt any in the form of Chronicles.

Such are the particular uſes of the Chronicle in hiſtory, that it were to be wiſhed that in a literary age ſuch as the preſent, every nation would procure its hiſtory to be written, as well in the form of a Chronicle, as in that of Epic Hiſtory. The taſk ſhould be performed with the moſt ſolicitous care. Not a ſingle date ſhould he left in any degree doubtful. To the enumeration of the dates ſhould be added the beſt repreſentations which this ſpecies of writing can admit, of characters, ſcenes, and all the changing phenomena which belong to the hiſtory. Infinite uſe might be derived from a Hiſtory of England written in this form, with adequate ſkill and pains.

The phenomena of nature have been much leſs frequently than thoſe of ſocial life, commemorated in Chronicles. Yet ſcience would even now be exceedingly benefited by a chronological arrangement of all thoſe great phenomena among the changes of nature, of which any knowledge can be acquired, from inferences ſuggeſted by a careful ſurvey of the preſent condition of exterior and material things, from tranſient hints and me-

morials which may be gleaned from the volumes of civil hiſtory, or from the writings of ancient philoſophers and naturaliſts.

Of Hiſtorical Compoſitions, the moſt perfect ſpecies is that to which we may give the name of *Epic Hiſtory*. It differs from the perfection of epic poeſy in nothing but its uſe of proſaic meaſures alone, and its rigorous adherence to truth in facts. From the other ſpecies of hiſtorical compoſition, it differs particularly in its care to combine into one whole all the facts which it relates. It muſt not exhibit a ſucceſſion of unconnected incident, but a ſeries of ſmaller tranſactions, conſpiring to ſome one common end. Its ſphere comprehends all the excellencies proper to all the other ſorts of proſaic compoſition. It deſcribes ſcenery; it paints characters; it marks the ſucceſſion of events in ſuch a manner as to make the reader feel as if he were preſent, and if not the firſt, yet eminently the ſecondary agent in effecting them; it diſdains the meagre diſplay of merely political and military tranſactions; and aſpires to repreſent in epiſode, or without even any ſeeming ſuſpenſion of its action, or digreſſion from its courſe, the whole ſyſtem of life, both public and private, of the people, whoſe ſtory it undertakes to exalt and immortalize. It includes, among thoſe things which it particularly delineates, a variety of characters ſufficient to exemplify the ſeveral leading ſpecies of character, common among men in that era of the progreſs of civility and refinement to which its narrative belongs. There is no combination of events in human affairs from which ſome general truth, moral and practical, does not ſtrikingly and naturally reſult. Hence, though the hiſtorian may not perhaps firſt think of ſome ſuch general truth, and then look about for ſome ſeries of events to illuſtrate, and enforce it in a hiſtorical narrative; yet, if his compoſition poſſeſs the true unity of Epic Hiſtory, ſome one great practical truth will never fail, even without his particular care, to be by its whole effect deeply impreſſed upon the mind of any reader.

An hiſtorical compoſition which has not a common tendency, like this, of all its parts, may, from this defect, even alone, be inferred to want that unity of deſign and action, without which it cannot deſerve the name of Epic Hiſtory. Although confined to ſtrict truth of facts, the epic hiſtorian may, however, produce almoſt all the *ſpecioſa miracula* which are to be expected in the ſtrains of the epic poet. He needs only to expand and expatiate in his narrative, where it preſents nothing but what is new, grand, and important, to contract it where there are not new events in human fortune, new diſplays of human paſſion and character, new energies of action, new ſcenes of external nature, nor new changes in its phyſical phenomena to be brought into view. Except only, that the hiſtorian muſt adhere to truth of facts, as rigorouſly as to the truth of nature; and that he is free to uſe none but proſaic rhythms: in all other reſpects, the excellencies of the Epic Hiſtory, and of the Epic Poem, are the very ſame.—Long ſpeeches, the nature of hiſtory does not indeed admit, becauſe ſuch ſpeeches are ſcarcely to be procured genuine, becauſe they are not to be feigned without converting hiſtory into romance; becauſe, unleſs they exhibit characteriſtic burſts of paſſion, biaſſes of prejudice, or habits of ratiocination, it were better to interweave the matter they expreſs with the tenor of the narrative. Neither are long ſpeeches among the proper beauties of epic poetry. Unleſs introduced upon thoſe principles alone, which are here ſpecified for hiſtory, they will always deform the poem which they fill, and will make it neceſſarily unintereſting and languid. Very ſhort and ſtrongly characteriſtic ſpeeches, the epic hiſtorian ought to uſe, he may procure exactly as they were uttered, an dwill fail egregiouſly in his deſign if he carelelly reject. But theſe are the

only ſort of ſpeeches which can be of true advantage in epic poeſy. The poet ought indeed to uſe them often; the hiſtorian more ſparingly. But this is, as to ſpeeches, the only difference of the rule between the two. In general, the epic hiſtorian may ſcatter through his work a larger ſhare of attractive wiſdom than can be fitly brought forth in a direct and undiſguiſed form by the poet. The poet, on the other hand, ought to deal, ſomewhat more than the hiſtorian in the picturing of particular imagery, in the effuſion of particular ſentiments, in the play of dramatic dialogue and action.

There can be no ſeries of events, to be at any time related, which may not, in the hands of a ſkilful writer, be wrought together into the epic form. The hiſtory of any particular war, or treaty, or revolution, or royal ſucceſſion, has obviouſly an unity of deſign, which may give it an epic contexture of the parts. Is the whole hiſtory of a nation to be related from the very origin of their national union, to the time of their attaining to eminent greatneſs of civilization and dominion, through the courſe, perhaps of many centuries? Even in this it is not impoſſible to find a principle of combination, by which due unity of deſign may be given to the work. Let the writer of ſuch a hiſtory take, as his general view in it, to trace in this particular nation the progreſs of civility from the rudeſt form in which aſſociated men can be contemplated, to the higheſt refinement to which they ſhall appear to have in this inſtance arrived. In this view, the nation will become as it were an individual. It will be, if one may ſo ſpeak, the hero of the tale. Surrounding nations, with which it has intercourſe, will conſtitute a particular ſort of agents of the ſame character with the principal nation. Another ſpecies of agents will be thoſe private perſons, kings, miniſters, generals, and others, who inſpire the deſigns, guide the paſſions, and direct the energies of the nations to which they reſpectively belong. Theſe will form the machinery of the piece. Their agency will be abſolutely that of Homer's Deities. Though one ſucceſſion of them may paſs away from the ſight, after another; yet the unity of the general deſign needs not for this to be broken, becauſe nations, not private perſons, are the agents on whoſe fate and conduct that unity depends. Beſides, a national hiſtory may be compoſed of a ſeries of epic hiſtories of ſucceſſive grand events, under which, meaner and ſubordinate ones may be, with the greateſt propriety, grouped. The Hiſtory of England, for inſtance might be ſubdivided into the hiſtory of the final departure of the Romans from this iſle, the hiſtory of the Union of the principalities of the Anglo-Saxon Heptarchy, the hiſtory of the Norman Conqueſt, involving that of the perfect eſtabliſhment of feodiſm, the hiſtory of the gradual ſubverſion of feodiſm, which was finally accompliſhed in the revolution of 1688, the hiſtory of the eſtabliſhment of a dynaſty of kings in this iſle, a neceſſary conſequence of the revolution, which has been conſummated only in the preſent reign by the entire ſubmiſſion of the Jacobites, by the diſſolution of the Whig party, and by the reduction of the ariſtocracy to a due dependence on the people and the crown. The hiſtory of any other nation might, by ſimilar ſchemes of arrangement, be reduced, with the greateſt advantage, to the epic form.

None of the hiſtorical books of the Holy Scriptures are of any other character than chronicles or memoirs. Herodotus, the father of Grecian hiſtory, has obſerved the epic manner of compoſition, more than almoſt any ſucceeding hiſtorian. His deſign was to give the hiſtory of the triumph of the Greeks over the Aſiatics in the overthrow of the hoſts of Xerxes. To this primary deſign, every part of his book is more or leſs directly ſubſervient. He explains who were the different tribes and nations of the

Aſiatics, who were the different families of the Greeks, what were reſpectively the ſettlements and the national characters of theſe people, and how, in conſequence of the mutual relations thus conſtituted, the Greeks and Aſiatics becoming enemies, proſecuted their hoſtilities to a termination ſo glorious and fortunate for Greece. In the expanſion of the details, a reader may ſometimes poſſibly forget the general deſign; but the author appears not to have ever loſt ſight of it. The hiſtory of Thucydides is rather a chronicle than an epic hiſtory, in its form: and yet it poſſeſſes, undoubtedly, many of the beſt excellencies of the epos. Livy has, in his work, many of the beſt qualities of epic hiſtory; but wants due unity and comprehenſion of deſign. The ſame thing may be ſaid of the biographical writings of Tacitus; for all his remains are, properly, pieces of biography. The remains of Salluſt, have, indeed, epic unity of hiſtorical deſign; but are deficient in dignity and variety. Of all modern hiſtorians, Robertſon has attained the neareſt to the genuine power of epic hiſtory. His hiſtory of Scotland is that of the triumph of queen Eliſabeth and of the preſbyterean reformation, in the ruin and death of Mary, and in the diſappointment of every enterprize and intrigue for the reſtoration of popery. His hiſtory of America, is that of the eſtabliſhment of the Spaniſh power in Mexico, Peru, and the ſurrounding countries. His hiſtory of the reign of the emperor Charles the fifth, was intended to diſplay the eſtabliſhment of the preſent and reſpective political conſtitutions of the different ſtates of Europe, and of the ſeveral relations and intereſts by which they are mutually connected with one another. Hence it is, that of all hiſtorians, Robertſon is felt to have the greateſt power to excite and enchain curioſity. Hence it is, that the reader of his works feels, in the peruſal, as if his attention were fixed on an epic poem. Clarendon's hiſtory of the grand rebellion poſſeſſes an epic unity of deſign; but the author was not, like Robertſon, maſter of the epic power of animating narrative, and of unfolding the evolution of events.

The proper form of biography is alſo the epic. The deſign of each particular biographical narrative ſhould be, to explain the whole influence of the man on ſociety, and the reflex influence of ſociety and nature on his abilities and enjoyments. There lives not, there never has lived an individual, who has not, in his character and circumſtances, enough of peculiarity diſtinguiſhing him from all the reſt of mankind, to render the account of his life, if it were written with a full knowledge of it, and with due diſcrimination, valuable for the diſplay of ſome inſtructive novelty in the general character of human nature. But then it is only in biography, written with epic unity of deſign, and with epic power of imagery and ſentiment, that ſuch advantages can be found. Perhaps, of all biographical compoſitions, thoſe in which Fontenelle commemorates the lives and merits of a number of the French academicians, approach, though ſhort, the neareſt to the character of epic biography. Condorcet, in his lives of Turget and Voltaire, perhaps rivals the excellence of Fontenelle. We have few ſpecimens of this ſort of biography in Engliſh. The beſt are Dr. Johnſon's lives of Savage and of Pope.

BON MOT OF DR. JOHNSON TO MR. GARRICK.

WHEN Garrick ſhowed Dr. Johnſon his fine houſe, gardens, ſtatues, pictures, &c. at Hampton-court, they awakened ſingular ideas in the mind of that great man; and inſtead of the flattering compliment which was expected, he exclaimed, 'Ah! David, David, David, theſe are the things, which make a death-bed terrible!'

On the PROPRIETY *of* STUDYING *the* NATURAL BIAS *of* YOUTHFUL MINDS.

To the Editor of the Univerſal Magazine.

SIR,

I HAVE frequently been aſtoniſhed at the inconſiſtency of parents, in not ſtudying the natural bias of their children's minds; for though they appear uniform in their deſire of ſeeing them acquire a degree of eminence, they are inattentive to the method that is likely to enable them to riſe.

Though nature is often varying in the diſtribution of her favours, and the perceptive powers of many children are in the mediotric line, yet if parents would endeavour to develope their leading principles, and ſtudy thoſe little minutiæ, which are always an index to the mind, they doubtleſs might direct the purſuits of their offspring into that channel, in which they were deſigned to excel. But inſtead of this judicious method being adopted, a boy's natural propenſity is counteracted by his father's caprice, and I have known lads who had a taſte for painting, and mechanics, either brought up to the bar, or ſent to Cambridge to learn to preach. Can we be aſtoniſhed, ſir, that a young man, deſtitute of oratory and abilities (at leaſt ſuch as are neceſſary to make him ſhine) never riſes to any eminence in a profeſſion, which not only requires quickneſs of perception, but eloquence of ſpeech? Or can we expect that the being who finds no pleaſure in the ſtudy of theology, ſhould be able to expound thoſe ſubjects which the unlearned cannot comprehend; or be ardent in his endeavours to impreſs the duties of that religion, which though his mind acknowledges, his heart but faintly feels!

In ſhort, incalculable are the injuries which ſociety experiences from the cauſe I have named; and even that immortal genius, Linneus, was deſtined by his father to become a cobler of ſhoes. Mr. Cox, in his entertaining tour through Sweden, gives an account of that great, and uſeful man, from which I ſhall abſtract a few obſervations for the purpoſe of illuſtrating what I have ſaid.

'Charl Van Linneus, the elder ſon of Nils Linneus, a Swediſh divine, was born on the 24th of May 1707, at Raſhalt, in the province of Smoland; and his inclinations for the ſtudies in which he afterward made ſo wonderful a progreſs, commenced at a very early period of life. His father uſed to amuſe himſelf in cultivating the parſonage garden, and Linneus, while an infant, teſtified a fondneſs for flowers, and when ſcarcely able to walk, always accompanied his father into the garden. As his ſtrength increaſed, a ſmall piece of ground was allotted him, which it was his greateſt delight to cultivate and dig, and he ſoon not only acquired a knowledge of various plants and flowers, but made himſelf maſter of their different uſe.

'At the age of ten years, he was ſent to ſchool at Wexico, under the tuition of a maſter who permitted him to indulge his favourite purſuit, but was removed in 1724 to the Gymnaſium, where his new inſtructor was continually complaining of his inattention to literary purſuits; and his father at length convinced of the denſity of his underſtanding, determined to bind him apprentice to a ſhoemaker in the ſame town.

'Fortunately for Linneus, a phyſician, whoſe name was Bothman, diſcovered the dormant faculties of his mind, perſuaded his father not to ſacrifice ſuch genius, received him into his own family, and furniſhed him with botanical books. When twenty years

of age, he was ſent to the univerſity of Lund, where he ſtudied phyſic, botany, and natural hiſtory, under the celebrated Stobæus, whoſe particular friendſhip he enjoyed. In the following year, he was removed to the univerſity, where, though his genius met with many obſtructions from pecuniary diſtreſs, yet the ardour with which he purſued his darling ſtudies made him in great meaſure ſurmount them all, for at this period it was, that he began to arrange his Bibliotheca Botanica, his Claſſes, and Genera Plantarum.

'In 1732, he was deputed, by the royal ſociety of ſciences at Upſala, to make a journey to Lapland, for the purpoſe of inveſtigating the natural hiſtory of that unknown region; but as he received only eight pounds toward paying the expence of his inhoſpitable journey, he was under the neceſſity of making it on foot, unchecked in the ardour of his purſuit by the lowneſs of his finances, or by the repreſſing power of fatigue. He began this extraordinary expedition on the eleventh of May, ſtayed ſome time at the mines of Farlain; viſited various parts of Lapland; underwent many hardſhips; eſcaped eminent perils; and returned to Upſala in the month of October, in the following year, after having traverſed near four thouſand miles.

At length, this great man obtained the object of his warmeſt ambition, and the reward of his unceaſing toil, for at the age of thirty four, he was made Botanical profeſſor to the univerſity. At the time of his appointment to the profeſſorſhip, which was in the year 1741, the botanical garden ſcarcely contained forty exotic plants, but in the ſpace of ſeven years the number amounted to eleven hundred.

'By his incomparable lectures he raiſed the univerſity of Upſala to the higheſt repute; they were diſtinguiſhed by the conciſeneſs and preciſion ſo conſpicuous in his works, and yet were delivered with a ſpirit and animation which irreſiſtibly caught the attention of his hearers, for he ſpoke with a perſuaſion not to be withſtood, and diffuſed a ſudden ſpirit of enquiry, which made knowledge not only uſeful, but an animating purſuit.

His reputation ſoon ſpread beyond the bounds of Sweden, and he received the moſt flattering invitations from Peterſburg, Gottingen, and Madrid; from the latter place, he was not only offered a conſiderable ſtipend, but the rank of nobility was held out to his view; yet a fondneſs for his native country, and an attachment to his ſovereign, made him riſe ſuperior to all intereſted views, and he determined to end his days in that region where he had acquired ſuch a portion of love and fame.

'In the year 1776, this immortal genius received a paralytic ſtroke, which deprived him of the uſe of his right ſide; his ſtrength ſoon after gradually forſook him, his mental faculties became impaired, and an ague, attended by a dropſy, brought on his diſſolution in his ſeventy-firſt year. His remains were interred in the univerſity of Upſala, with all the funeral honours which gratitude could inſpire. The king ordered a medal to be ſtruck, repreſenting the dejection of Science for the loſs of her favourite, and in a ſpeech from the throne, expreſſed his veneration for the character of the dead!'

I have abſtracted this account for the purpoſe of convincing parents, that it is their duty to ſtudy the natural bias of their children's minds, for had not the diſcriminating phyſician obſerved the latent genius of Linneus, it would have been loſt in the degrading employment of making ſhoes!

I am ſir, your conſtant reader,

THE FATHER OF A FAMILY.

ON PRIDE AND EMULATION.

SOME days after the battle of Salamis, all the generals were ſummoned to declare at the altar of the God of the Sea, who had moſt diſtinguiſhed himſelf in the engagement. Every one named himſelf, aſſigning the ſecond place to Themiſtocles. This is the hiſtory of all mankind. Aſſemble every claſs of ſociety, the artiſts of every deſcription, the learned men; all of them will imitate the Athenian generals.

A dancing-maſter, who could not teach the earl of Oxford a certain ſtep, hearing that queen Anne had made him firſt lord of the treaſury, expreſſed the utmoſt aſtoniſhment on the occaſion: 'What merit could the queen diſcover in Harley?' cried he: 'I had him two years under my hands, and could make nothing of him at laſt!'

A man eſteems only the occupation which he is himſelf fond of: painting, in the eyes of one who cultivates it with ſucceſs, is the firſt, the faireſt of all arts: if you take the opinion of a ſecond, it is ſculpture; and, according to a third, muſic. One will ſhow you the Transfiguration, another, the Apollo Belvidere, and a third will aſk you to hear Hayden's Symphonies: in this manner, all will juſtify their opinions by examples. Without doubt, a ſentiment of pride is pardonable on approaching ſuch models: but in general pride is in inverſe proportion to merit and talents.

We wiſh the reſt of the world to regulate their manner of thinking, their conduct and their taſte, by ours, and we more or leſs reſemble the cynic, around whom a crowd collected to obſerve his ſingularities, 'I laugh at all thoſe who think me ridiculous,' ſaid he. Then, replied ſome one, 'nobody on earth ought to laugh more frequently than you.'

Extravagant pride always ariſes from extreme ignorance of one's ſelf. A conſiderable time muſt be ſpent in ſtudying ourſelves, before we can ſucceed in penetrating the veil which conceals the virtues, the good qualities, the vice, or the defects of others. We attach eſteem or contempt to the actions of another in proportion to the degree of analogy or diſſimilarity we obſerve in them, to our own. For this reaſon, the profeſſion which a man follows, the art he ſtudies, the work he meditates, is always the firſt, the beſt, the moſt excellent.

He, who ſaid that ſelf-love was the ſoul of human nature, muſt have minutely ſtudied the human heart.

This ſentiment of pride frequently influences our judgment, which otherwiſe depends on the objects which ſurround us, and the ſphere in which each of us lives. We at length aſſume the character of the country we inhabit, of the employment with which we are occupied, of the circle, in the midſt of which we move. According to this ſtandard, we determine what is grand, beautiful, true, good: we form certain ideas, they become familiar; we cheriſh, we admire them; we reject with diſdain whatever claſhes with, or militates againſt them. It is like a moral ſcale, by which we meaſure the opinions of others, their actions, their virtues, and even their inſtitutions. If we were maſters, we ſhould imitate the tyrant, who, with ingenious cruelty, invented an inſtrument to which he applied all thoſe who provoked his fury, and cauſed them to be mutilated or diſlocated according as they were longer or ſhorter than the inſtrument of puniſhment.

What has been ſaid of the claſſes of which ſociety conſiſts, may likewiſe be applied to nations: there is none which does not think itſelf ſuperior to the reſt. From the Chineſe, who certainly are not the firſt of nations, although ſuppoſed to be the moſt numerous, to the 2 or 300 inhabitants of one of the petty iſlands in the South Sea, every nation, every tribe, has an individual pride, and excluſively attributes to itſelf qualities which diſtinguiſh it from all the other people of the univerſe. The Chineſe, who imagine that the earth is ſquare, and

that he occupies the centre of it, conceives that every other country is plunged in barbariſm. The Arab, perſuaded that his caliph is infallible, ridicules the ſimplicity of the tartar, who does not doubt the immortality of his Lama. The Ethiopian, who falls on his knees before a tree, and proſtrates himſelf at the ſight of a root, finds every day a freſh object for his adoration, and with the utmoſt ſincerity pities thoſe who worſhip only one God.

A ſavage being aſked by his countrymen what the French were, of whom they had heard ſo much, thought he pronounced the higheſt panegyric on that nation, by replying, *they are men, like myſelf.*

The Indian fabuliſts, almoſt all of whoſe ſtories afford ſome exquiſite moral, relate, that in their ocean is an iſland, all the inhabitants of which are deformed. A young ſtranger arrived there one day: he was tall and well made: they flocked about him to view ſuch an extraordinary figure. Fortunately, there happened to be a learned man among them, who aſſerted, that it was poſſible to be born without a hunch, and intreated them to ſpare the unfortunate wretch; obſerving, that they ought not to inſult him becauſe heaven had not given him an agreeable form; but on the other hand, they ſhould return thanks to God, for the ſuperior elegance and beauty of their perſons.

Every morning near the banks of the Miſſouri, the chief of a horde goes out of his hut, traces the path the ſun is to purſue, and the moment that luminary riſes, he exclaims—*March!*

Thus every people prefers its own cuſtoms, government, manners, and conſtitution, to the laws, cuſtoms, and adminiſtration of its neighbours. Guy Patin called the Engliſh voracious wolves, and the more polite Addiſon contented himſelf with inſinuating that the French reſembled apes.

National pride, when founded only on puerilities, is ridiculous in the eyes of the philoſopher; but ceaſes to be ſo if it has any other foundation; and indeed in every caſe, policy ſhould conſider it as a ſentiment capable of being turned to account.

Pride, however, is not always a vice. This ſentiment, ſuſceptible of many modifications, becomes the origin of the nobleſt actions when derived from the knowledge of one's own merits. The touchſtone of legitimate pride is the ſenſation produced in us by the talents and merit of another. If we wiſh only to equal or to excel a rival, if we drop a tear at his death, we experience a legitimate pride, or rather emulation.

The Greeks poſſeſſed a legitimate pride, which was the ſource of actions that have immortalized that celebrated people. After a battle, the remains of thoſe who had fallen in their country's cauſe were exhibited to the people, they were covered with flowers; an eulogy was pronounced on theſe intereſting victims: the ſame honours were paid to the private ſoldier as to the general. They perfectly underſtood here to cheriſh the uſeful paſſions. Was it intended to inſpire horror againſt tyranny and gratitude to the defenders of liberty, the ſtatues of Harmodius and Ariſtogiton were publicly decorated? Was it deſired, to revive the drooping ſpirit of religion, the ſtatues of the gods were mutilated?

The ancients (by whom are underſtood the Greeks and Romans) had the policy to maintain this ſalutary national pride by monuments, by triumphs, by public eulogies, by wiſe inſtitutions. Nothing was forgotten that could contribute to cheriſh this national ſpirit. Among the moderns, the Engliſh have been the only people, who, by adopting the ſame idea, have raiſed themſelves to a degree of glory, opulence, and power, unequalled in the annals of the world; and long may the ſame ſpirit influence the councils of her ſtateſmen, nerve the arm of her ſeamen and ſoldiers, and continue her in that proud preeminence which ſhe has attained above the reſt of the nations of the earth.

COMPLAINTS *and* FEARS *of a* SHEET *of* WHITE PAPER.

To the Editor of the Univerſal Magazine.

Sir,

IT is curious to remark, how dreams give back our waking thoughts, thrown together in a fanciful ſort of confuſion, and adorned with a wild garniture of imagination. Of this I had a few nights ſince an inſtance, which I find it not unpleaſant to commemorate in writing. During the courſe of the day, I happened, among other avocations and amuſements, to read a pamphlet, of which the malice and abſurdity ſeemed even to exceed the wonted licence of the Britiſh preſs. I had read it with an indignation which continued faintly to agitate my mind when I went to reſt. I lay for half an hour awake in bed; and during this time the train of my thoughts was inſenſibly led upon the abuſes of the art of printing, the vain contaminations of paper, and the difficulty there would have been in the production of ſo many things to diſgrace the art of compoſition in language, if lead, wax, and parchment, had been ſtill the only materials on which writing could be inſcribed.

With ſuch meditations floating in my mind, I fell aſleep; when I became imperfectly conſcious of new viſions riſing on my fancy. Methought an elegant, but tiny being, of not more than Lilliputian magnitude, arrayed in the moſt lucid white, with heavenly vivacity in its eyes, with an aerial lightneſs of form, hovered for a while around my head, then perched like a butterfly on my noſe, and thus addreſſed me:

You have read of the ſylphs, whoſe origin is thus elegantly deſcribed by the poet:

The light coquettes in ſylphs aloft repair,
And ſport and flutter in the fields of air.
RAPE OF THE LOCK.

'Once a coquette, the gayeſt, the vaineſt, the coldeſt beauty of the Britiſh court, I finiſhed, in a fever, the mortal career of my life and beauty; and was immediately ſent, in the character of a ſylph, to guard from the infection of the ſmall-pox, the opening charms of a certain infant beauty, who was deſtined to bleſs a hero's bed. Vaccine inoculation was not then known. I reſigned my charge to the common variolous inoculation. She ſickened in an unexpected manner, and eſcaped death, only with the entire loſs of beauty and of ſight. Her misfortunes were attributed to the negligence of me, her guardian ſylph. You know, from the ſame poet's information, to what puniſhments culprit ſylphs are condemned.

——Stopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter waſhes, lie,
Or wedg'd, whole ages, in a bodkin's eye,
Gums and pomatums ſhall his flight reſtrain,
While clogg'd, he beats his ſilken wings in vain;
Or, atom ſyptics, with contracting pow'r,
Shrink his thin eſſence like a ſhrivell'd flow'r;
Or, as Ixion, fix'd, the wretch ſhall feel,
The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
In flames of burning chocolate ſhall glow,
And tremble at the ſea that froths below.
RAPE OF THE LOCK.

'It was my fate to be *wedg'd in a bodkin's eye*. After a long, long time of ineffable ſuffering, I was at laſt liberated, and, with a change of ſex, was diſmiſſed to my preſent charge of guarding the purity of a ſheet of white paper—that very ſheet which now lies on your table. The invention of paper was deſtined by Heaven, excluſively, for the benefit of mankind. That it is even the vehicle of nonſenſe, malice, falſehood, or inelegance, is, by one of thoſe abuſes, by which men turn, occaſionally, to their hurt, many of the beſt gifts of nature and of Providence. From the firſt applying of that invention to human uſe, to prevent its abuſe as far as was compatible with the juſt freedom of hu-

man volition, a being of the ſame origin and nature as I, has been aſſigned to watch the application, and preſerve the purity of every individual ſheet of paper. While the ſheet remains white, its guardian enjoys her condition, and delights in the dignity of her truſt. Does it become the vehicle of moral, mathematical, or phyſical truths; of poeſy adorned with the charms of ſentiment and fancy, and attuned in uniſon with the voice of virtue—of the moral fiction—of the vivid deſcription of nature's freſheſt beauties—of the noble record of the hiſtorian—of the ſublime and tender perſuaſions of religion?—Its aerial guardian is then elevated to a higher rank, to truer bliſs, to nobler duties.—Is it, on the contrary, ſtained with malice, with ſcandal, with obſcenity, with falſe theories, with miſchievous eloquence, with that bad writing which is ever incapable to ſerve the cauſe of truth or virtue? The being who had it in charge becomes degraded to the turpitude of a gnome, doomed,

In ſearch of miſchief, ſtill on earth to roam;—

and is, beſides, conſigned for ages to puniſhments, at the bare idea of which I ſhudder too much to be able to name them to you.

'Pity, then, the diſtreſs, at leaſt, of me; and employ that ſheet of paper, which lies on your table, in telling this tale for the information of mankind.'

A violent itching in my noſe now broke my ſleep, and when I aroſe, I reſolved to ſend my evening's reverie to your entertaining publication.

I am, ſir, yours,
A DREAMER.

On a METALLIC SOLUTION, *which forms a* YELLOW INK, *that appears and diſappears like that of* Hellot.

[By C. GILLET-LAUMONT.]

SOME time ago, having thrown into the fire a ſolution of a mixture of ſulphate of copper and muriate of ammonia, where it produced very agreeable colours, ſome of it fell upon a piece of paper placed in the chimney, which became of a bright yellow colour. Having taking the paper from the chimney, I was much aſtoniſhed, ſome moments after, to find that it was no longer coloured: on again expoſing it to heat the colour reappeared, and diſappeared in like manner on cooling.

I tried lately to repeat this experiment; and I obtained from theſe two ſalts, mixed nearly in equal parts, a ſolution of a bright yellow colour when warm, and of a beautiful emerald green when cold, which at firſt gave cryſtals in oblique priſms with rhomboidal baſes, and then blue cryſtals in flat octaedra.

This liquor and the ſolution of the cryſtals gave a yellow ink, which appeared yellow with heat, and diſappeared with cold, but ſtill better with moiſture.

I obſerved that theſe ſolutions are indebted for this property only to the muriate of copper, which when employed alone does not produce the ſame effect.

On comparing this ink with that given by the muriate of cobalt, known under the name of the ſympathetic ink of Hellot, it is ſeen that all theſe kinds of ink are indebted for the property which they have of diſappearing, only to metallic muriates, which powerfully attract the moiſture of ſurrounding bodies.

The yellow ink produced by the muriate of copper and the ſolutions which contain it (very different from thoſe which, being at firſt inviſible, remain fixed after they have appeared) gives by its colour a variety very diſtinct from that of Hellot, which is of a ſea green.

They may be made to appear at pleaſure by the aid of heat, and to diſappear very ſpeedily by putting the writing between the folds of paper ſomewhat moiſt: but I muſt here obſerve, that it requires much care to make the experiment ſucceed completely, and that a certain degree of heat muſt not be exceeded; otherwiſe, the paper being ſcorched, the writing can no longer diſappear.

PHILARIO AND CLARINDA.

[From 'Philario and Clarinda.' A Warning to Youth againſt Scepticiſm, Infidelity, and Vice. By the late Rev. John Thorowgood.]

THE author repreſents Philario when very young to have obtained the friendſhip and eſteem of a pious family, in which was the amiable and lovely Clarinda, who ſoon made an impreſſion of affection upon Philario's heart: upon the firſt communication of his ſentiments to Clarinda he meets with a repulſe: ſeveral converſations are related, in which he gained no ſatisfactory reply. Receiving intelligence that he muſt prepare to remove to London, his mind was filled with anxiety, becauſe the "place he poſſeſſed in the eſteem of Clarinda was ſo uncertain, and his ſituation reſpecting her was ſo precarious."

Upon the eve of his ſetting out for London he renews his profeſſions of the ſincerity of his love, and earneſtly ſolicits to be made acquainted with her ſentiments toward him. After many arguments uſed by Clarinda to enforce the propriety of keeping them ſecret from him, he at laſt "wreſted a confeſſion from her, that a mutual paſſion had long retained the poſſeſſion of her ſoul." In this converſation ſhe ſeems to anticipate what afterward actually took place.

We ſhall preſent to our readers Philario's account of himſelf upon his arrival in London, and of his ſubſequent defection. "I held vice," ſays he, "at leaſt the overt acts of it, in the utmoſt abhorrence.—The company and amuſements of the gay part of mankind were the objects of my contempt and averſion, and as I could not diſcover wherein the pleaſures of wine and madneſs, of ſplendor and gaiety, of luxury and extravagance, conſiſted, I experienced not the leaſt inclination of enrolling myſelf in the number of their votaries.—My happineſs centered in the improvement of the mind: books, and inſtructive, rather than diverting company, were my unfaſhionable amuſements.—I was unacquainted, nor did I deſire to be acquainted, with the polite arts of diſſimulation and gallantry. Sincerity, and an ingenuous frankneſs, compoſed my native diſpoſition, and prevailed in all my converſation.

Prior to the corrupting of his mind, his affection for Clarinda continued to prevail in purity and ardour; but after his mind was influenced by the principles of infidelity, the reverſe took place.

Philario's principles were corrupted by a young man, ſon to a gentleman of peculiar worth and excellency, diſtinguiſhed by his fine ſenſe, ſolid underſtanding, and amiable deportment, with whom he had contracted an acquaintance. The uncommon abilities of this youth made Philario deſirous of cultivating an intimacy with him; for although, when in the company of his diſſolute aſſociates, he abandoned himſelf to vice and debauchery, yet he demeaned himſelf with ſo much caution, art, and diſſimulation in the preſence of his friends, that they readily believed him to be what they wiſhed him. By crafty meaſures he contaminated Philario's mind; for the author writes, "Senſible that if he pulled off the maſk, and at once manifeſted himſelf in his proper colours, I ſhould ſtart back with terror at the hideous appearance, he made his approaches ſlow, but ſure; imperceptible, but

effectual. Sometimes he would largely descant (and oh! how ingenuously) on the excellence and dignity of human nature.—Sometimes he chose for his topic the native beauty and sublimity of virtue, the natural odiousness and deformity of vice, and the little necessity there was that one should be enforced, or the other prohibited by an external law, since they were such in their own nature, that no obligation could be superadded duly to respect them, superior to the natural sense of every unprejudiced mind.—Sometimes he would vehemently declaim on the superstitions and the prejudices of mankind—the irrational absurdities of the enthusiast—the illiberal tenaciousness of the dogmatist—the narrow and confined ideas of the various sects and parties of mankind, and then with what applause would he crown the present philosophic age, in which men had dared to spurn the ignominious claim of authority, and assert their native liberty and freedom of enquiry.—On these, and similar topics, his reasonings were new to me, nor was I capable of discerning the pernicious tendency of his harangues.—His discourses were ingenious; they carried the appearance of sublimity, and liberality of thought; nor did he make any open attack on the received doctrines of religion; he left them to consequences.—Can it then be a subject of admiration that I, an unexperienced and an unguarded youth, innocent and unsuspecting, fell a victim to his superior and watchful power and address? More effectually to debauch my principles, he directed me to many of those writers, who were in the same interests, and whose works were calculated to promote the same design.—I began with the elegant, the engaging Shaftesbury, and terminated my studies of this kind, with Hobbes and Spinoza.—That all his hopes of success might not depend on my want of penetration, he now called in dissipation and pleasure to his assistance, and at once endeavoured the subversion of my principles and my morals.—To accomplish this scheme, more actors were necessary: he therefore introduced, and warmly recommended me to his associates, who had before received a proper account of me to direct their behaviour in my presence.—These all united to initiate me in the gay amusements of the town, to intoxicate me with pleasure, and to accustom me to folly and dissipation.—Company, and good company, they told me, was absolutely necessary for him who would know the world; and a constant attendance upon the theatres was indispensable for him who would acquire the justness of pronunciation, a taste for fine writing, elegance of language, and the beauties of poetry. With specious pretences, and with plausible reasonings, they prevailed on me to accompany them to all places of public resort; and by degrees, by imperceptible degrees, they fully prepared me for every species of vice. While they were thus conducting me in the flowery paths of pleasure, they allowed me no time for reflection, but tortured their invention to entertain me with a constant succession of amusements, leading me from the assembly to the theatre, from the theatre to the opera house, and from thence to every place which afforded the least prospect of entertainment.—When I entered the assembly, or took my seat at the opera, what language can describe the sensations I experienced? The smiling fair, the splendid habits, the sparkling lustres, the harmony of music, the motion of the dance, relaxed the nerves of virtue, and dissolved me in a soft effeminate inability to exercise the severer powers of my mind.—Tuned to harmony, my soul felt the efficacy of music, and became totally obedient to its softest and most melting strains: wholly enervated, passive, and unresisting, I sunk supine, and resigned myself to the impetus of every awakened passion.—Oh! could I speak loud as an archangel's trump, my

voice ſhould echo through the nations of the world:—"Fly, ye young, for ever fly theſe fatal ſhores, nor ever liſten to the ſyren's ſong!" But not to be tedious, I found myſelf inſeparably attached to my companions, who at length laid aſide reſtraint, and entertained me and others with laughter and ridicule (their moſt potent weapons) on the ſubject of religion, which they repreſented to be a fooliſh ſuperſtition, calculated only to influence the minds of the weak, the credulous, and the puſillanimous.—I loved their company; I became incapable of reflection, and by a conſtant courſe of diſſipation and folly, at length became as vain and as wicked as themſelves, and ſurrendered myſelf up to every kind of ſpeculative and practical evil.—It was, indeed, a conſiderable time before I could ſtifle the reproaches of conſcience; but I took the moſt effectual methods not to be incommoded with its admonitions.—My peace and ſerenity conſiſted in being a ſtranger at home, and in being never unemployed; ſo that when foreign and public diverſions denied their aid, I called in plays, novels, and romances to my aſſiſtance, and by an aſſiduous attention to theſe means, with a conſtant care to avoid every opportunity of thinking, I at length became hardened in impiety, and boaſted in the ſuperiority I had attained over the ſentiments of humanity, and the prejudices of education; and thus by haſty ſtrides, I arrived at the ſummit of profligacy.—Thoſe of my former friends, whoſe acquaintance I thought in any reſpect advantageous, I ſometimes viſited, but was ever provided with an excuſe for making my viſits ſhort.—However, I had ſo much profited under the lectures and examples of my tutors, that I found no difficulty in theſe viſits, to imitate the language and deportment of the virtuous, and to conceal the total change that had taken place in my ſentiments and diſpoſition.—Among theſe I wore a maſk; but in other company I became a profeſſed advocate for infidelity, and with the utmoſt effrontery ridiculed every thing of a ſerious nature.—It is true it was not without conſiderable difficulty that I diveſted myſelf entirely of my native modeſty, which for a long time not eaſily permitted me to expreſs myſelf in an indecent or profane manner; but as I deemed it a ſheepiſh baſhfulneſs, and an unmanly timidity, I at length, by dint of reſolution, and ſometimes with the aſſiſtance of wine, ſo entirely overcame it, that there was ſcarcely any thing infamous, which I could not utter or perform without a bluſh.—But inſtead of polluting my paper with the repetition, or of offending your eyes with the recital of my crimes, ſuffice it only to ſay, that I became totally abandoned, and indulged myſelf, without remorſe, in every criminal gratification."

In proportion as the influence of his religious inſtructions was overcome by the ſeducing arts of his companions and their principles, did Philario's affections for Clarinda abate, and his letters to her bore evident marks of coolneſs and indifference, on which account ſhe wrote to him the following letter:

"Sir,

"It was once very apparent that you really diſtinguiſhed me from the reſt of my ſex with a ſupreme affection.—I was then (as now) conſcious that there was nothing in me that merited ſuch a degree of regard, and was aſtoniſhed to find that you invariably perſiſted in your profeſſions; but at length induced by ſuch profeſſions, ſeconded by my own wiſhes, I believed you ſincere, and was ready to imagine that there might be ſomething in me capable of inſpiring your love.—Deluded by theſe imaginations, I at length (though not without great and viſible reluctance) reſigned my heart to your cuſtody, and fondly flattered myſelf that I ſhould never have reaſon to repent of the truſt, ſo great was my confidence in your in-

tegrity: but alas! I only flattered myſelf, and therefore I was deceived.—Yet even in thoſe hours, when I repoſed the greateſt confidence in your virtue, I was not without ſome prognoſtications, without ſome apprehenſions of the event that has now taken place.—You know with what earneſtneſs, with how many tears, I frequently entreated you, without reſerve, to inform me of the real ſituation of your heart, nor wantonly ſport with profeſſions which would have ſo intimate a connection with my future happineſs or miſery.—You are a witneſs of my endeavours to convince you that you were miſtaken in me; yet ſtill you perſiſted:—ſtill you declared your love in yet ſtronger terms.—I repeat not this to reproach you: no, I muſt do you the juſtice to believe that you was then ſincere, that you ſpoke the real dictates of your mind at that time, though you have ſince withdrawn your affection.—Yes, you love no more!—My own fond heart laments your inconſtancy for its own ſake; but my whole ſoul joins in the mournful lamentation on *your* account, ſince you violate ſo many ſacred engagements, break ſo many ſolemn vows, and involve yourſelf in ſo much guilt.—Near as your peace and happineſs lie to my heart, how ſhall I rejoice if you can diſcover any method to exculpate, or at leaſt to extenuate, your fault. For my own part, all I ſhall ſay is, that I have entirely reſigned myſelf to bitter reflection, and unhoping ſorrow.—As I do not purpoſe to trouble you in future, may I now be permitted to expoſtulate with you on your preſent conduct? I am not led by conjecture, or by uncertain report, when I ſay, I know you cannot juſtify it to your own conſcience: how then can you act in oppoſition to the dictates of that faithful monitor, to the remonſtrances of that guardian of your virtue? Once you trod and delighted in the paths of religion, and ſurely nothing but a fatal deluſion can have prevailed on you to forſake them.—I need not inform you that happineſs is inſeparably connected with innocence, and that, if you forfeit the latter, you cannot hope in treading the giddy maze of voluptuous pleaſure to poſſeſs the former.—Oh! let me entreat you to conſider from whence you are fallen, and repent.—Poſſibly I may never ſee you more; perhaps I ſhall never more be favoured with the leaſt inſtance of your eſteem; yet I ſhall ever be concerned for your happineſs, and it will engage my warmeſt wiſhes, even in preference to my own. Influenced by this ſincere regard, I muſt once more earneſtly entreat you to reflect on the inevitable conſequences of your preſent conduct.—Adieu."

To which Philario replied:

"MADAM,

"I am perſuaded you are entirely of my opinion, in thinking that a ſimilarity of ſentiment, as well as of diſpoſition, ought to lead the way to every matrimonial connection; and therefore as you and I very widely differ in theſe reſpects, it cannot be a ſubject for ſurpriſe, that I decline renewing thoſe profeſſions, with which I prematurely troubled you. I frankly acknowledge that there was a time when you were not indifferent to me; but at that time my powers were contracted, my ideas were few, imperfect and confined, agreeable to the limited ſphere in which I ranged in the purſuit of knowledge.—Swayed by the prejudices of education, and influenced by 'all that the prieſt and nurſe had taught,' I trod in the ſame narrow path with the uncultivated vulgar, nor ever thought it lawful to take one ſtep out of the common road.—While ſuch were my ſentiments and my conduct, it was little aſtoniſhing that I regarded you with ſome ſort of admiration; as it is, now I view things in a very different light, that I wonder at my weakneſs in ſo doing.—I own I bluſh to think, that I ſo long continued ſunk in the depths of ſuperſtition, although at the ſame time I cannot but expreſs my ſatisfac-

tion at finding myſelf placed in a new world, and in being capable of viewing things in a different point of light.—I rejoice in being capable of diſcerning, that the terrors of an hereafter, the Acheron and the Styx of the poets, the paradiſe of Mahomet, and the future ſtate of the Chriſtians, are equally the children of the imagination, and the illuſive chimeras of a diſordered brain; and that they are all the offspring of enthuſiaſm, or the inſtruments of prieſtcraft, to keep the world in ſubjection.—While my ideas of things are thus different from your's, it is by no means ſtrange that an intimate connection can no longer ſubſiſt between us; and this I apprehend to be a full anſwer to your complaints.—But really I muſt ſay, that no profeſſions I ever made afford a juſt foundation for the freedoms you take, in pretending to reprove my preſent, or to direct my future conduct.—Such liberties, I muſt own, appear unwarrantable, and as little becoming you as they are agreeable to me; for I now inform you I ſtand in no need of a tutor, but eſteem myſelf perfectly capable of directing my own conduct.—I nevertheleſs remain your well-wiſher,

PHILARIO."

Philario is repreſented to have continued to tread in the ſame deſtructive paths for about ſix months after he had written the above-mentioned letter, till, in conſequence of a midnight debauch, he ſays: I was ſeized with a violent fever, which in a few days brought me to the gates of death, and preſented to my aſtoniſhed view the terrors of an offended deity, and the dreadful puniſhment prepared for ſuch ſinners as myſelf.—Inſtantly conſcience, arrayed in all its horrors, flew in my face, and pierced my deſpairing ſoul with inconceivable agonies.—In a moment I forgot alll my ſophiſms, nnd all thoſe ſpecious arguments againſt the immortality of the ſoul, the exiſtence and the juſtice of the Deity, of which I had ſo vainly boaſted in the day of health and proſperity.—Too deeply were theſe doctrines imprinted on my breaſt; too ſtrong was the evidence ariſing from my preſent ſenſations to permit me for a moment to doubt their truth.—Oh! with what pangs did they not rend my boſom! How often did I wiſh they were not realities; but ah! I wiſhed in vain.—I could not preſume to look up to the moſt high; nor dared I offer up one petition to his throne, but in the utmoſt agony lay toſſing on my bed.—Sometimes my ingratitude to Clarinda, and my breach of ſo many ſolemn vows and proteſtations, diſtreſſed my ſoul: and ſometimes my apoſtacy, my profanity, and notorious flagitious conduct, filled me with anguiſh. Reflections, ſometimes, on the felicity I had once enjoyed, at other times on the happineſs of which I might now and for ever have been the poſſeſſor, had it not been for my own folly, drove me to diſtraction. Frequently was I tempted by ſome violent means to put an end to my exiſtence, but the dread of the eternal puniſhment which awaited me in the world of ſpirits reſtrained my hands: and now, as if my miſery was not complete, or as if there was ſomething yet wanting to render me exquiſitely wretched, a letter was brought me in one of the intervals of my diſorder, which, on caſting my eye on the ſuperſcription, I knew to be from Clarinda.—Breaking the ſeal with apprehenſion, yet with eagerneſs, I read theſe words:——'To convince you that no intereſted motives influenced the writer of this epiſtle thus to trouble you, know that at the moment in which you will peruſe it, ſhe is no longer an inhabitant of earth.—Such meaſures has ſhe taken, that it will not reach your hands till by your unkindneſs, inconſtancy and apoſtacy from the paths of virtue, ſhe is deſcended to the ſilent manſions of the grave.'

"When I had read theſe lines, unable longer to ſuſtain the weight of ſuch accumulated miſeries, my ſenſes forſook me, and I inſtantly ſunk down

in a ſwoon; nor was it till after a conſiderable time that the aſſiduities of my ſurrounding and aſtoniſhed friends recalled my flitting ſpirits, and retrieved me from the arms of death. By their ſedulous care I was reſtored, but a delirium immediately ſeized my brain, and without intermiſſion retained its ſeat for the ſpace of ſeveral days.—At length nature, exhauſted by ſuch ſtrong and long continued agitations, became too weak any longer, in ſo violent a manner, to exert herſelf, and I recovered the exerciſe of my rational faculties: my reaſon returned: but alas! it only returned to render me more ſenſible of my miſery.

'A bitter change, ſeverer for ſevere!'

When I recollected what had happened, I earneſtly requeſted to be permitted to read the remainder of the letter, which had been productive of ſuch conſequences, to which my friends at length, but not without reluctance, conſented. It thus proceeded.

"Yes, Philario, from the borders of the grave I now addreſs you! and ſurely that ſolemn circumſtance may be expected to add weight to my exhortations. When you peruſe theſe lines (if, indeed, you will think them worthy your peruſal) I ſhall be totally diveſted of all that care and ſolicitude which now poſſeſſes, or rather prey on my heart, and ſhall for ever be delivered from every thing that might interrupt celeſtial bliſs.—No more will anxious ſorrow; no more will piercing grief diſturb my repoſe; but ineffable joy and ſatisfaction will for ever reign in my breaſt. Yet while I continue an inhabitant of this globe, I cannot forbear attempting your recovery, or expreſſing my anxious wiſhes for your reſtoration. I know the greateſt, the laſt concern that will employ my departing ſpirit, will be your preſent melancholy and deplorable ſituation.—Ah! where is that lovely youth whoſe engaging qualifications, whoſe conſpicuous virtues, whoſe manly ſenſe conſpired to render him the object of univerſal delight, and attracted my warmeſt affection? Ah! where is he whoſe delight, whoſe glory, whoſe chief purſuit was virtue, and in whoſe breaſt virtue's attendants, cheerful peace and tranquil pleaſure, conſtantly reſided? —'If thou art he, but ah! how fallen!'—permit me to aſk, if it be poſſible for you to reflect on that period of innocence and peace, without regret?—Or does not the hateful compariſon of the preſent with the paſt fill your ſoul with diſtreſs and anguiſh? Oh under what fatal deluſion do you lie! By what madneſs are you actuated? Soon, very ſoon, that period will arrive when you ſhall know that virtue and religion are ſomething more than nominal: with rapid ſpeed is that moment haſtening when you will need no arguments to convince you of their reality, and of their dread importance.—Do I ſay it is approaching? the moment is arrived: for I am confident that you cannot, even now examine your own heart with impartiality, without being conſtrained to acknowledge the juſtice of theſe admonitions. And will you not yield to this examination? or will you continue to ſhut your eyes to the light that beams around you, till it be too late? Oh! Philario, my dear Philario, awake! The drops that now bedew my cheeks ſhould be increaſed to floods, could I believe my tears, or my intreaties, would prevail on you to return.—I confeſs (and I may now without reſerve confeſs) that I moſt tenderly love you.—My affectionate concern for you has brought me to the borders of the grave, and in all probability will, in a very few weeks, conſign me to the duſt. Can I then be ſuppoſed to offer improper advice? or does not my affection merit this ſmall return? Only, (it is all I aſk) only ſpend one hour in ſerious reflection. Permit your heart to anſwer, and it will ſay,—'I dare not.' How then will you dare to preſent yourſelf before the tribunal of heaven, polluted as you are with crimes too

flagitious and too notorious to admit of the leaſt palliation or excuſe? My heart bleeds at the proſpect of the ſoul rending agonies you muſt ſhortly undergo, either in this world, when conſcience ſhall be awakened, or inevitably in the next, when your eyes ſhall be no longer blinded, and when a full conviction of guilt ſhall ſink you into the depths of abſolute deſpair. Oh! may the former be ſpeedily your ſevere but ſalutary, your painful but beneficial experience.—I pity you, I mourn for you, I pray for you; and if the exerciſe of reaſon be granted me, my laſt, my expiring breath will be ſpent in an earneſt petition for the reſtoration of the loſt, the undone Philario!—With tears I lament that you ever knew me, ſince our acquaintance has been productive of ſuch baneful conſequences, and ſince the violation of the vows and promiſes you have ſo ſolemnly and frequently made me ſo greatly ſwells the liſt of your crimes, and will hereafter fill your ſoul with ſuch deep diſtreſs: yet ſo well I love you, that I earneſtly wiſh the anguiſh of this diſtreſs may ſpeedily invade your boſom.—Oh! could I but hear before I die this pleaſing, this happy intelligence—'that you repented,'—then ſhould I depart in peace.—This one admonition will I give you; this ſingle word of advice will I offer for your ſerious attention. When the recollection of your multiplied and enormous tranſgreſſions ſhall overwhelm your ſoul, let me intreat you not to give way to deſpair, for there is mercy even for the vileſt and moſt abandoned of ſinners.—At preſent, perhaps, you may be unable to ſee the reaſon and the propriety of this admonition; but if you preſerve this paper till God be pleaſed to awaken you, you will know it is not without cauſe I am apprehenſive of ſuch an event, and that it is not without reaſon that I forewarn you of ſuch a danger.—But to cloſe: though I am ſenſible that a letter, and eſpecially ſuch a letter as this, from one ſo little eſteemed as I am, muſt be tedious and diſguſting, yet I rely on the information it contains for a pardon and excuſe, for it brings with it the intelligence (perhaps the grateful intelligence) that I ſhall no more intrude on your ſcenes of gayety—that I ſhall no more interrupt your pleaſures—nor ever more aſſume the ungrateful liberty of reproving your conduct; but yet remember, if this letter fail of producing any ſalutary effect, and if you can peruſe it without emotion, it will add to the enormity of your guilt, render you more inexcuſable, and at the day of judgment be a witneſs againſt you.—The only hope with which I cloſe life, and with the expreſſion of which I will terminate this epiſtle is, that you may be ſo viſited by divine grace in this world, that when you take your leave of it I may be permitted firſt to welcome you to the ethereal manſions; for I die animated with the brighteſt hopes of being admitted, through the merits of my all gracious Redeemer, into the preſence of my God, where boundleſs ſtreams of bliſs for ever flow; and ſurely it will be an addition even to celeſtial bliſs to be permitted to hover round your dying pillow—to watch the decays of nature—to breathe in gentle whiſpers divine conſolations—with rapture to guide you in your flight through the planetary and ſtarry regions, and to introduce you into the empyreal heavens, and the preſence of your God! Till that bliſsful day—Adieu!"

"Had this letter reached my hands a few days ſooner, I ſhould have regarded it as nothing but enthuſiaſtic extravagance; but my preſent circumſtances taught me to feel the force and ſignificance of every ſentence—'And is ſhe gone?' cried I.—'Ah! what prayers did the dying ſaint pour out for me! And could ſhe indeed forgive the inconſtancy, the ingratitude, the perjury of the wretch who prematurely hurried her to the grave!—Not only forgive, but could ſhe pray and plead, and weep for him? Amiable goodneſs!—Nor have her

prayers been offered up in vain; I am indeed awakened; but alas! it will never be permitted her to welcome me to the ſeats of bliſs: my guilt has been too aggravated, my crimes have been too atrocious!' Theſe, and ſuch as theſe, were my ſoliloquies, the genuine reflections of a ſoul, on which the light of truth began to dawn; but the ſequel of my melancholy narrative muſt be the ſubject of another letter.

It was deemed neceſſary for Philario to retire into the country for the reſtoration of his health: he unexpectedly meets Clarinda, and a complete reconciliation takes place; the happy death-bed of Clarinda is deſcribed, and Philario, under remorſe of conſcience, retires from the world and gives himſelf up entirely to melancholy and gloom.

THE BRITISH MUSE.

A FRAGMENT.

RAYMOND AND BERTRAM.

By the Rev. R—— S——.

RAYMOND.

I PRAY thee, Bertram, be of ſtouter heart,
Nor thus in frantic wildneſs take ſuch range
Of hurtful ſorrow.—The black deed is done!—
Nor can whole floods of tears waſh out the ſtain
As if it ne'er had been.—Collect thyſelf—
Nor thus, impatient of controul, reſolve
On adding ills to ills.—

BERTRAM.

'Tis well for them
Who do not feel the blow, to counſel patience
To thoſe who do.—'Tis eaſier far for you,
To give good counſel to the wretched heart,
Than for that heart to take it.—Gracious heaven!—
Why to my being did'ſt thou add this day
Of ſaddeſt woe?—Far better, had the grave
Cloſed on my earlieſt years, than I had liv'd
To weep o'er ſo much ruin.—My ſiſter,
My tender ſiſter, my Ad'line diſhonour'd!
O God!—The thought is madneſs to my brain!
Is flaming torture to my heart!—Where? Where?
To what far diſtant region is he flown?
He, the baſe violater, the fell robber
Of my ſiſter's honour?—Tho' to remoteſt
Ande he ſhould fly, or hide his wild carcaſe
In deepeſt ocean,—tho' in flaming Ætna
He ſhould ſeek a refuge—I'll tear him thence,
I'll drag him to the world; and in the eyes
Of all, take full vengeance on his cruelty.
He ſhall not 'ſcape me.—ev'n from pole to pole,
From Arctic to Antarchi will I hunt him,
Cloſely hunt him—my wrong'd ſiſter's injuries
Shall be aveng'd, and 'tis this arm ſhall do it.—

RAYMOND.

By this mad rage of action, the dread evils
You would with to cure, will riſe in magnitude,
And add freſh torture to poor Ad'line's weight
Of preſent wretchedneſs.—'Tis thine to ſtay
With her that weeps—to wipe away the blood
That guſhes from her wounded heart.—She loves thee
Tenderly, paſt common heat—and thy abſence
Would ſurely ſink her to the grave.

BERTRAM.

Loves me!—
O yes, and dearly too—and all the world loved her.—
Of mind ſo pure, ſo void of all ſuſpicion,
She thought all hearts as faithful as her own.—
Of manners ſo endearing, ſhe enchain'd
All hearts in love—of gentleneſs ſo modeſt,
Of temper ſo benign and full of ſympathy,
She won ev'n envy's ſelf.—A ſweeter maid,
Ne'er wore a human form—a fairer child
Ne'er cheer'd a parent's hopes—a fonder ſiſter
Ne'er liv'd more worthy of a brother's love.—
The ſame fond mother bore us—the ſame hour
United us to life—at the ſame breaſt
We drank increaſing ſtrength—on the ſame knees
We play'd and toy'd alike—all, all was love
In that bleſs'd early hour, and innocence
Endear'd exiſtence then.—If one were ſad,

The other could not ſmile—if one did weep,
The other anſwer'd with a tear—our cares,
Our loves were one; and ſuch mark'd tenderneſs
Ne'er link'd two kindred ſouls in firmer bonds,
For I was all to her, as ſhe to me.—

RAYMOND.

Now then the hour is come to prove thy love,
For Adeline wants it now.

BERTRAM.

And then how oft,
Aye oft, I've ſeen her with the tend'reſt care,
And kindeſt ſympathy, preparing balm
To ſoothe the agonizing wound;—reſcuing
From poverty's hard gripe, and fell deſpair,
The weeping widow and the helpleſs orphan;—
And to the ſhrivell'd limbs of ragged want
Imparting comfortable warmth.—An angel
Could do no more.—

RAYMOND.

While thus thou fondly talk'ſt
Of happineſs that's paſt, and dwell'ſt ſo full
On Ad'line's praiſe, ſhe weeps thy long neglect,
And anxious waits thy coming.—

BERTRAM.

Well, full well
I do remember, with what piteous voice,
When th' hurtful viper ſtung me as I walk'd,
She begg'd its life—and told me it had uſed
But Nature's weapon, and in ſelf defence—
For that, unleſs my foot had done it harm,
It ne'er had turn'd to ſting nor injure me.
And often ſince repeating the event,
Hath made me glad, I harm'd it not.—
But ah!
Tho' I did ſpare the viper, whoſe ſharp tongue
Bore hurt to me—yet never will I ſpare
That hateful viper, who with poiſon'd barb
Hath ſtung my Ad'line's peace.—I'll pierce him thro,'
Tho' thouſands of his helliſh tribe upriſe
To oppoſe my fury.—I'll have repayment—
Full, dread repayment—with his blood.
He ſhall atone his crime—his blood, his blood
Alone will ſatisfy my ſoul, and I'll have 't.
O God! my heart is rack'd!—O Ad'line,
Ad'line!
Thy wrongs and injuries have driv'n me mad.—

RAYMOND.

From purpoſe ſo unjuſt, and full of fatal
Conſequence, I would by fair words of reaſon
Diſſuade thy will.—A moment quit thy frenzy,
And give attention, while I urge ſome truths
Which e'en thyſelf muſt ſanction,—With ſwell'd heart
And panting for revenge, thou doſt purſue
The baſe deſtroyer of thy ſiſter's peace.
Doſt find out his retreat, and plunge thy ſword
Deep within his breaſt.—He dies—and with blood
Atones his crime.—Thy glutted ſoul exults
With ſavage joy—thy vengeance 's ſatisfied.—
But mark the conſequence.—Thou doſt a deed
More horrid ev'n than that thy victim 's done.—
From th' hands of God doſt wreſt of life and death
His great prerogative;—doſt raiſe the bolts
Of heavieſt vengeance 'gainſt thyſelf—doſt ſhut out
Mercy from a fellow-man, and forfeit
Heaven's mercy on thyſelf.

BERTRAM.

Of keeneſt torture
I'd not ſhun the bearing, ſo I could ſtamp
My vengeance ſure, and make as deep a wound
In his black heart, as he has made in mine.

RAYMOND.

But thou wilt puniſh more thyſelf than him,
By meaſures, foul as thou doſt meditate.
No, would thou be aveng'd indeed; abjure
Thy wild reſolve, and let him live—believe me,
The deepeſt wound thy weapon can inflict
Will not ſo long, ſo oft, ſo ſorely ſmart,
As that which conſcience with its anger'd barb
Doth make upon the ſoul.—The baſe ſeducer,
While on his brow ſits merriment, and gay'ty,
And ſeeming joy—is more than ſad at heart.
For there dwells rankling fear, and wild diſorder
Making havoc of his peace—there the worm
That never dies finds plenteous feaſt—and gnaws
And gnaws inceſſant.—This, this is puniſhment
More keen than death.

BERTRAM.

You'd have me then ſit quiet
Under ills like theſe, nor wreak my vengeance
Where 'tis due?—

RAYMOND.

I would—for 'tis thy intereſt
I moſt conſult, when thus I do adviſe.
Beſides, while thou purſu'ſt thy fatal purpoſe,
Poor Adeline will ſorrow ev'n to death.—
He, who ſhould ſtay to prop her fall'n innocence,
To ſoothe her grief, and awe the voice of envy
Into ſilence, quits her for vengeance, leaves her
To the world—and then—how acts that buſy world?—
What ſays th' ill-natur'd throng?—With ſcorn they treat her—
Avoid her company—point as ſhe paſſes—
And cry aloud—'There goes the proſtitute—
Once the fair child of virtue, once the delight
And joy of all, but now the fall'n Adeline.—
Who loſing innocence, has loſt thoſe friends
That loved her well. See! there ſhe goes! by all
Forſaken; ev'n by that brother, whoſe fond care,
And love her crime has forfeited.'—

BERTRAM.

My friend,
Thou'ſt touch'd the ſtring that brings me back to reaſon.
Yes, I'll forbear—my Ad'line's good demands it—
I'll go, and comfort her—ſhield her poor heart
From envy's barb, and make her bed of peace.—
I'll watch her with the fondeſt eye of love,
And find out joys to cheer her—when ſhe weeps
My hand ſhall catch the falling tear—ſupport
Her languid head—and lead her to content.—
And when affliction points its lateſt blow,
And gives her to the grave; I'll viſit there,
And moiſten with my tears of mournful plenty
The ſpot where ſleeps my Adeline—and when
My journey's o'er—my laſt requeſt ſhall be,
That Ad'line's grave may cloſe on Bertram's duſt.

LINES, on reading ſome Poems written by Mrs. ELISABETH CARTER, of Deal.

WHEN Carter writes, unnumber'd beauties riſe,
And female wiſdom charms our wond'ring eyes;
Inſtructive virtue ev'ry line pervades,
Nor one immoral thought her verſe degrades;
'Tis pure philoſophy her muſe inſpires,
Which teaches youth that knowledge age admires.
Religious truths in ev'ry page we find
T' improve the morals and inform the mind;
And while inſtruction in each verſe is found,
Good ſenſe with eaſe and elegance abound.
Hythe, Oct. 10, 1802. S. S.

THE RED-BREAST.

WHEN Autumn haſtens to decay,
And chilling Winter's near,
The birds that hail'd the ſprightly May
Our fields no longer cheer.

Yet ſtill, at each return of morn,
A Red-breaſt loves to ſing,
Beſide my cot, from yonder thorn,
With all the grace of ſpring.

And oft I liſten with delight
To hear his plaintive lay,
Diſpel the laſt remains of night,
And uſher in the day.

For in a philoſophic ſtrain,
Congenial to my mind,
He ſings, nor heeds the gloomy ſcene,
To every change reſign'd.

With Nature's voice inſtructing me,
If Fortune's ſmile or frown,
Too much elated ne'er to be,
Nor with deſpair caſt down.

Beſides, this little warbling bird
A gratitude diſplays;
Enough to challenge my regard,
And admiration raiſe.

For winters paſt, by hunger led,
Oft has he ſought my door,
To beg his dole—a crumb of bread,
Or hopp'd upon the floor.

Some fragments then I wont to give,
His cravings to ſupply—
Thoſe wants which all things feel that live:
'Twas next to charity.

And thus my care with ſongs he pays:
'Tis all his nature can;
And thus he merits well my praiſe,
And ſhames ungrateful man.

RUSTICUS.

THEATRE.

ON Saturday, October 30, a new Comedy, from the pen of Mr. Reynolds, entitled DELAYS AND BLUNDERS, was produced at Covent-garden theatre.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Henry Sapling, Mr. Lewis; Sapling, Mr. Munden; Paul Poſtpone, Mr. Fawcett; Lieutenant St. Orme, Mr. Siddons; Sir Edward Delauney, Mr. Murray; Privilege, Mr. Simmons; Robin Grange, Mr. Emery; Lord Orlando de Courcy, Maſter Byrne.—Honoria, Mrs. H. Johnſton; Mrs. St. Orme, Mrs. Litchfield; Lauretta St. Orme, Mrs. H. Siddons; Mrs. Sapling, Mrs. Mattocks.

The fable of the preſent play is of a more ſerious and complicated nature than thoſe on which the productions of this popular dramatiſt have been generally founded; and its chief intereſt is derived from events which had occurred before the opening of the ſcene. In noticing the actual progreſs of the comedy it therefore becomes neceſſary to revert to many previous circumſtances.

Lieutenant St. Orme, a man of high honour, but without fortune, carries off the daughter and heireſs of ſir Frederick Delauney, a wealthy baronet. The father is implacable, and the lovers are obliged to fly to America to eſcape his perſecution. Here, beneath a humble ſhed, they are completely happy in their mutual paſſion, of which they ſoon receive an endearing pledge in the lovely Lauretta. At the end of ſixteen years, however, they are by a train of unforeſeen misfortune reduced to the greateſt diſtreſs. Mrs. St. Orme is at length diſpatched to England, in the hope that herfather's reſentment may have ſubſided, and that he may relent at the ſight of her wretchedneſs. Sir Edward's hatred againſt St. Orme is only increaſed, and he has recourſe to the moſt unjuſtifiable arts to make his daughter renounce him. The unhappy Amelia believes in her huſband's baſeneſs, and goes diſtracted. St. Orme, in the mean time, had put Lauretta to the ſtage; but the moment he hears of his wife's ſituation he haſtens with his daughter to England. It was here that the fatal act was perpetrated which gives riſe to the following ſcenes of horror: ſir Edward refuſes to let St. Orme ſee his wife, and groſsly inſults him. St. Orme, followed by Lauretta, ruſhes into his preſence, and, wild with fury, demands ſatisfaction—ſir Edward declines the meeting. St. Orme preſents him a piſtol, and, on ſir Edward's graſping it to ſave his life, St. Orme, in the moment of his diſtraction, fires. Sir Edward falls, and in a few months expires, bequeathing (in the caſe of her recovery) his whole eſtate to his daughter; but, dreading ſtill her huſband's interference, he names the ſucceſſor to his title his truſtee, who proſecutes St. Orme for the murder, and confines Amelia, after her recovery, in order to keep poſſeſſion of the property. He alſo ſhows Amelia a letter of St. Orme's, deſiring her to be confined, and thus makes her believe that her huſband is her enemy and tyrant.

All theſe tranſactions, which take place before the commencement of the comedy, form the ground-work of the buſineſs. The firſt ſcene repreſents Lauretta attempting to gain admiſſion to the priſon in which her father is confined. But, failing in this, ſhe perſuades the gaoler to deliver to him a ſmall paper parcel, and receives in return the following written anſwer—'Retire to your retreat, and never forget that you alone were preſent at the murder, and that there's no other witneſs to convict me.' She obeys him inſtantly; but is afterward diſcovered and ſeized by the proſecutor, ſir Edward, when Henry Sapling reſcues her. Lauretta in her endeavours to evade the ſearch of ſir Edward, aſſumes the diſguiſe of male attire, and is hired as a ſervant in the lonely cottage of farmer Nightſhade, where, while ſoothing her melancholy, by warbling a favourite air of her mother's, ſhe is ſtartled by a dreadful groan! Breathleſs with ſurpriſe, ſhe ruſhes to a door at the extremity of the chamber, and in a miſerable dungeon diſcovers her much lamented parent, Amelia St. Orme, confined as a lunatic by order of ſir Edward. By the intervention of Henry ſhe is releaſed, and, after the neceſſary eclairciſſement, reſtored to the arms of her huſband. Lauretta, in order to play the touchſtone on the conſcience of the unfeeling ſir Edward, paints a tranſparency, repreſenting, in a ſtriking likeneſs of her mother, a veſtal buried alive, at the ſight of which Delauney is ſo ſhocked, that he not only makes reſtitution of the uſurped eſtates, but confeſſes that ſir Edward recovered from the wound give him by St. Orme, and afterward died a natural death. Thus the ends of poetical juſtice are com-

pletely attained by the detection of the wicked and proſperity of the virtuous.

With the exception of one ſcene (ſince withdrawn) where a boy, in a ſtyle quite below the dignity even of farce, is introduced to caricature the fopperies of the young nobility, the play was extremely well received. It was given out for a ſecond repreſentation without a diſſenting voice.

The following are the words of the air ſung by Mrs. H. Siddons.

SONG.

Once happy in a peaceful home,
Of fortune's gifts I aſk no other;
A priſon's now my father's doom,
And ſay, oh! ſay, where art thou, mother!

If thou haſt preſs'd a luckleſs bier,
Of victim death, oh! take another;
Or if immur'd in cavern drear,
Boldly I'll fly to ſave my mother.

A *Melo Drame*, in two acts, called A TALE OF MYSTERY, was performed on Saturday evening the 13th, at the ſame theatre.

An entertainment more diſtinguiſhed for novelty and intereſt, more happily compoſed of fable, incident, dialogue, muſic, dancing, and pantomime, and more decidedly ſanctioned by the approbation of an audience, has not for a long period been produced on the Engliſh ſtage. The author, Mr. Holcroft, is indebted, for the ſubject, to the French ſchool, and the original *Seline*; or *The Maid of Savoy*, has been received at Paris with univerſal plaudits by overflowing houſes. In juſtice to Mr. Holcroft, it is, however, neceſſary to obſerve, that the ſubject only can be conſidered as the property of another. In the management of it he has eſſentially deviated from the original; ſeveral of the incidents are new, and the dialogue is, with very few exceptions, his own.

The title of *Melo-Drame*, until the preſent inſtance, has been unknown to our drama. The *Drame* of the French ſtage, was firſt introduced by the celebrated La Chauſſee, who, by intertwining the tragic and the comic in the ſame production, and ſelecting for his muſe ſubjects of domeſtic misfortune, was the author of that new ſpecies of compoſition in France, called *La Comedie Mixte; ou Drame*. Although the invention occaſioned innumerable attacks from the critics of the day, and was roughly treated, as a ſcandalous corruption of the art, yet it has ſtood the teſt of more than half a century, and ſtill triumphs over the feeling of the audience, in thoſe affecting pieces of La Chauſſee—*Le Préjugé à la Mode*, *Mélanide*, *La Gouvernante* and *L'Ecole des Meres*. The ſatires and epigrams to which they gave riſe are all forgotten, and they are never acted at this moment without exciting tears. This kind of compoſition, which is unequal to the province of tragedy in producing pity or terror, and inferior to that of comedy in calling forth pleaſantry and amuſement, has given birth to the *Melo Drame*, which ſtrengthens the mixed compoſition we have noticed, by the powers of muſic, imitating at once both paſſion and action, and its ſucceſs is the beſt proof of its influence over the human mind.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Count Romaldi, Mr. H. Johnſton; Bonamo, Mr. Murray; Franciſco, Mr. Farley; Stephano, Mr. Brunton; Michelli, Mr. Blanchard; Montano, Mr. Claremont; Malvolio, Mr. Corry; Piero, Mr. Simmons; Selina, Mrs. Gibbs; Fiametta, Mrs. Mattocks.

The ſcene is laid in Savoy, and the events which conſtitute the groundwork of the action, are ſuppoſed to have happened many years before. Two brothers, of the name of Bianchi, of a noble family at Rome, are enamoured of the ſame woman, who conſents to a private marriage with the younger, called Franciſco. Apprehenſive of the dangers which might reſult from the known cruelty and vindictive temper of his brother, he takes her with him, while pregnant, from Rome to Savoy, where he propoſes to paſs the remainder of his life. The enraged and diſappointed brother determines to accompliſh his revenge on the fugitives, and contrives, by the means of his emiſſaries, to decoy Franciſco to the coaſt, whence he is conveyed on board an Algerine corſair. Detained in captivity for many years, he at length eſcapes, after having his tongue cut out by the Algerines, and returns to Savoy. He finds his wife, and the friend under whoſe protection he had placed her, dead. This friend, acquainted with the cauſe of Franciſco's flight from Rome, and dreading the effects of his brother's reſentment, had for the greater ſecurity ſuffered the report to be accredited that he was the huſband of the unfortunate brother's wife. The child ſhe left, Selina, who is the heroine of the piece, he adopted as his own, and the ſuppoſed father dying ſo very ſuddenly, as to prevent all information on the ſubject, ſhe is actually conſidered to be his daughter by his brother

Bonamo. In the mean time the elder brother, informed by his agents of all the circumſtances, and finding Selina, his niece, the acknowledged heireſs of great wealth and large poſſeſſions, changes his name to Romaldi, and his reſidence from Rome to Savoy, with the view of accompliſhing the marriage of his ſon, when of age, with Selina. The unexpected return of Franciſco threatens to defeat his plan, and he determines to remove all obſtacles by the murder of his brother. He accordingly lays in wait in the mountains, with the chief emiſſary of his guilt, Malvolio, and another aſſaſſin, but Franciſco, though dreadfully wounded, eſcapes; and having been kindly received under Bonamo's roof, he again appears, nearly at the moment when Romaldi propoſes the union of Selina with his ſon.

At this time the action of The Tale of Myſtery commences. The villainy of Romaldi and virtue of Franciſco are admirably contraſted. The attempts made by the former to get his brother in his power; and failing in that, to murder him, from effecting which he is prevented by the interference of Selina, are ſources of uncommon intereſt and pathos. The determination of Franciſco to conceal his brother's guilt, which he is enabled to do by writing an account of his miſeries; the diſcovery of his own daughter in Selina, the ſuppoſed niece of Bonamo; the detection of Romaldi's wickedneſs, and the perſeverance of the latter in effecting his revenge; with his purſuit and apprehenſion by the officers of juſtice; and the natural love and kind and benevolent diſpoſition of Franciſco, all combine to produce an effect that has not been ſurpaſſed by any mixed combination of a ſimilar nature ſince the Engliſh drama has attained to its preſent improved ſtate.

The muſic is the production of Dr. Buſby, whoſe reputation for ſcience and taſte has been already fully eſtabliſhed.

A new muſical After-piece, tranſlated from the French, by Mr. Cobb, entitled A HOUSE TO BE SOLD, was performed for the firſt time at Drury-lane theatre Wedneſday evening, November 17.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Captain Kelſon, Mr Dowton; Charles Kelſon, Mr. J. Banniſter; Belfield, Mr. Kelly; Melchizedec, Mr. Wewitzer; Hawſer, Mr. Sedgwick; Matthew, Mr. Suett; Mrs. Dorville, Mrs. Sparks; Charlotte, Miſs De Camp; Fanny, Mrs. Bland.

Charles Kelſon, a young officer in the navy, and his friend, Belfield, a compoſer for the Italian opera, are travelling to Plymouth, when within a few miles of their journey's end, they find their money run ſhort. They walk a part of the way, but at length, overcome with fatigue and hunger—they ſeat themſelves on a bench near the door of Mrs. Dorville's houſe, which is ſituated in a village about fifteen miles from Plymouth. Mrs. Dorville's houſe and the grounds adjoining are to be ſold, and the travellers ſeeing a bill to that effect, poſted on the houſe, Charles Kelſon reſolves to gain a dinner, and perhaps a night's lodging, by pretending to be a purchaſer. The ſcheme ſucceeds, and Mrs. Dorville, delighting in the expectation of ſelling her houſe, and miſtaking Charles Kelſon for his uncle, captain Kelſon of Plymouth, invites the young adventurers to ſtay till the next day. They are recogniſed by Matthew, a ſottiſh ſervant of Mrs. Dorville's, who had ſeen them on the road; he is, however, bribed to ſilence. Charles Kelſon accedes to the terms propoſed by the old lady for the purchaſe of the houſe, and ſhe produces a written agreement, which he ſigns. It now appears that Charlotte, the niece of Mrs Dorville, is attached to Belfield. The travellers are again nearly diſcovered by Charlotte's ſurpriſe in meeting her lover ſo unexpectedly. Charles Kelſon's addreſs relieves them from this embaraſſment; but a more ſerious event threatens him on the arrival of captain Kelſon, who intends to bid for the houſe himſelf. Charles too, begins to feel that he is involved in an alarming difficulty, by binding himſelf to the purchaſe of a houſe for five thouſand pounds, without a ſhilling in his pocket. Chance, however, extricates him from this critical ſituation. Melchizedec, a jew, who had made a fortune by ſelling ſlops to ſailors, has long wanted to purchaſe Mrs. Dorville's houſe at a low price. Finding that it is now ſold, he offers Charles an advance on his purchaſe. The young ſailor, finding his anxiety to buy, talks to him of planting trees, and building a wall, to obſtruct the view from Melchizedec's houſe, and at length ſo far works upon the jew, that he agrees to give him three thouſand pounds for his bargain. This ſum of three thouſand pounds Charles deſtines as a wedding gift to Belfield, and his conſtant Charlotte; and the generoſity of the young ſailor is rewarded by his uncle, captain Kelſon, who reſtores him to favour, and declares him heir to his fortune.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Tuesday, November 16.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR entered the house at half past two o'clock, and having taken his seat upon the woolsack, informed their lordships that his majesty, not thinking fit to be personally present on that occasion, had issued a commission to certain persons therein mentioned, for holding a parliament, which commission they shall hear read.

His lordship, with the archbishop of Canterbury, and the duke of Portland, having taken their seats as commissioners, immediately below the throne, sir Francis Mollyneux, usher of the black rod, was ordered to command the attendance of the commons, who accordingly appeared at the bar, preceded by their principal clerk, Mr. Lee.

The Lord Chancellor, after making a similar communication to what he had stated to the lords, ordered the royal commission to be read, which proceeding being gone through, he further stated that he had it in command from his majesty to inform them, that as soon as the members of both houses were sworn in, his majesty would communicate to them his reasons for calling the present parliament; and that, in the mean time, it was his majesty's pleasure that they should proceed to the choice of a speaker, and that they should present a proper person to fill that office, in the house of peers, exactly at two o'clock to-morrow, for the purpose of his receiving the royal approbation.

Wednesday, November, 17.

The lord chancellor, lord Pelham, and lord Walsingham, having taken their seats as royal commissioners, ordered the usher of the black rod to summon the commons, in pursuance of his majesty's command.

The commons entered a few minutes afterward, preceded by

Mr. ABBOTT, who, advancing to the bar, informed the commissioners, that the commons having proceeded to the election of speaker, their choice had fallen on him; but when he reflected on the arduous duties of that office, and his own inadequacy to discharge them, he must request that his majesty would be graciously pleased to order the commons to proceed to a new election.

The LORD CHANCELLOR, after passing the compliments customary on such occasions, on the abilities of the speaker elect, and the wisdom displayed by the commons in their choice of Mr. Abbott a second time, declared his majesty's approbation of that choice.

Mr. ABBOTT, in reply, professed to entertain the deepest sense of the royal favour shown him by this approbation of his election a second time. He claimed, on behalf of the commons, the privilege of freedom of speech, freedom from arrest, and all other privileges enjoyed by the house of commons, under his majesty or any of his predecessors. He at the same time begged that his conduct, if he should apparently commit any errors, might receive the most favourable construction on the part of his majesty.

The LORD CHANCELLOR then stated, that the commissioners had it in command from his majesty to confirm all the antient privileges of the commons, and assured the speaker that his conduct should always experience the most favourable construction.

Tuesday, November 23.

This day his majesty came to the house, and being seated on the throne with the usual solemnities, sir Francis Molyneux, gentleman usher of the black rod, was ordered to the house of commons with a message commanding their immediate attendance in the house of peers.—The commons being come accordingly, his majesty was pleased to address his parliament with the following most gracious speech:

'My Lords and Gentlemen,

'It is highly gratifying to me to resort to your advice and assistance after the opportunity which has been recently afforded of collecting the sense of my people.

'The internal prosperity of the country has realized our most sanguine hopes. We have experienced the bounty of divine Providence in the produce of an abundant harvest; the state of the manufactures, commerce, and revenue of my united kingdom is flourishing beyond example; and the loyalty and attachment which are manifested to my person and government afford the strongest indications of the just sense that is entertained of the numerous blessings enjoyed under the protection of our happy constitution.

'In my intercourse with foreign powers, I have been actuated by a sincere disposition for the maintenance of peace; it is nevertheless impossible for me to lose sight of that established and wise system of po-

licy by which the intereſts of other ſtates are connected with our own; and I cannot, therefore, be indifferent to any material change in their relative condition and ſtrength. My conduct will be invariably regulated by a due conſideration of the actual ſituation of Europe, and by a watchful ſolicitude for the permanent welfare of my people. You will, I am perſuaded, agree with me in thinking that it is incumbent on us to adopt thoſe means of ſecurity which are beſt calculated to afford the proſpect of preſerving to my ſubjects the bleſſings of peace.

'Gentlemen of the Houſe of Commons.

'I have ordered the eſtimates for the enſuing year to be laid before you; and I rely on your zeal and liberality in providing for the various branches of the public ſervice, which, it is a great ſatisfaction to me to think, may be fully accompliſhed without any conſiderable addition to the burdens of my people.

'My Lords and Gentlemen,

'I contemplate with the utmoſt ſatisfaction, the great and increaſing benefits produced by that important meaſure which has united the intereſts and conſolidated the reſources of great Britain and Ireland. The improvement and extenſion of theſe advantages will be objects of your unremitting care and attention. The trade and commerce of my ſubjects, ſo eſſential to the ſupport of public credit and of our maritime ſtrength, will, I am perſuaded, receive from you every poſſible encouragement, and you will readily lend your aſſiſtance in affording to mercantile tranſactions, in every part of my united kingdom, all the facility and accomodation that may be conſiſtent with the ſecurity of the public revenue.

'To uphold the honour of the country, to encourage its induſtry, to improve its reſources, and to maintain the true principles of the conſtitution in church and ſtate, are the great and leading duties which you are called upon to diſcharge. In the performance of them you may be aſſured of my uniform and cordial ſupport; it being my moſt earneſt wiſh to cultivate a perfect harmony and confidence between me and my parliament, and to promote to the utmoſt, the welfare of my faithful ſubjects, whoſe intereſts and happineſs I ſhall ever conſider as inſeparable from my own.'

Lord ARDEN roſe to move an addreſs, which was merely an echo of his majeſty's ſpeech.

Lord NELSON ſeconded the motion for the addreſs.

Lord CARLISLE was determined to give the addreſs his ſupport, becauſe miniſters ſeemed to be at laſt rouſed from their confidential ſupineneſs, and ſhowed an inclination to act with that vigour which he on a former occaſion had lamented that they did not ſeem to poſſeſs. On that occaſion he had offered it as his belief that the conceſſions we were making to France, by the definitive treaty, was not the way to obtain a ſecure and laſting peace. Miniſters now ſeemed to be convinced of the truth of that poſition, and he was glad to find they had completely changed their tone, and that we were to have firm language in lieu of humble conciliation.

Lord GRENVILLE roſe. He apologized to the noble lord on the woolſack for giving him the trouble to read the motion for the addreſs; but he had forborne to offer himſelf to his eye before the laſt moment in hopes that ſome other lord would have given to the houſe ſome more information than they had yet received. He could not feel that he had done his duty if he ſhould go home without having expreſſed the anxieties of his mind; and he muſt declare that it was with the utmoſt aſtoniſhment that he ſaw the houſe called upon to agree to the addreſs which was moved, without any further information than that which was contained in his majeſty's moſt gracious ſpeech from the throne. It was a hacknied, and often a miſapplied phraſe in parliament, to ſpeak of the time preſent as of the moſt critical period that ever was—but he might be permitted to ſay, that if ever that phraſe was applicable, it was at this moment. The new parliament was aſſembled in a moment certainly the moſt critical that this country ever ſaw. It was critical and tremendous; and it was rendered more ſo by the ſilence of the miniſters. He never was more anxious than to know from them what was the real ſtate of the world at this moment; and what were the preciſe circumſtances which had induced miniſters to aſſume a firm and vigorous tone now, inſtead of the tame, conceeding languid temper which they had manifeſted up to this moment. It was certainly impoſſible for him or for any man to unravel their conduct by any thing that was viſible. They had brought us down to the miſerable predicament of a degrading retractation of the high language they had at length aſſumed; or of entering into a war at a moment when we had deprived ourſelves of the beſt means of making it effectual to its object.—His majeſty's ſpeech, his lordſhip ſaid, contained three

diſtinct propoſitions, in every one of which he moſt cordially acquieſced. In the firſt of theſe propoſitions he more peculiarly concurred, becauſe it included in itſelf a direct cenſure of the preſent adminiſtration. Nothing could be more true than that it was the incumbent duty of miniſters to have a watchful ſolicitude over the intereſts of this country as connected with thoſe of Europe. But it was equally certain that his majeſty's miniſters had ſhown no ſuch watchfulneſs. He called upon their lordſhips to ſay, whether they could truly aſſert that the king's miniſters had ſhown any juſt vigilance over the intereſts of the ſtate; and particularly in regard to that which conſtituted the ſecond propoſition in the ſpeech—That his majeſty could not view with indifference any material change in the relative condition and ſtrength of the different powers on the continent. Nothing was more juſt—nothing more certain than this propoſition; but the obſervation that muſt ariſe in every mind on the ſubject was—had no material change taken place in the relative condition and power of the nations on the continent? the anſwer muſt be obvious. Between the ſignature of the preliminaries of peace and the definitive treaty, Louiſiana was added to the power of France. Surely miniſters ſaw this with indifference. It was not their preſent language that he looked to, but their acts. They ſaw this important change, and yet with arms in their hands they concluded the definitive treaty. This was not all. The ink was ſtill wet—the wax was not yet cold with which this treaty was concluded, when Piedmont, the bulwark of Italy, was annexed to the French empire. With a certain knowledge that Ruſſia was adverſe to this encroachment, the French artfully concealed their intentions for fear of a remonſtrance, until we had concluded and ratified that diſgraceful treaty. Then, ſeeing the indifference of the government of Great Britain, they ſtruck the blow by which the antient ally of the Britiſh crown—its faithful friend was driven from his ſeat. It was important to the true underſtanding of this attrocious proceeding that their lordſhips ſhould trace back the diſaſtrous hiſtory for a few memorable years. He needed not to recall to their lordſhip's memory that the father of the depoſed ſovereign, ſeeing the danger with which he was threatened by the French revolution, entered into an alliance with us to proſecute the war. In that alliance he acted faithfully to the beſt of his his very limited means. He acted well, though unfortunately. He was firſt ſtripped of Savoy; then taken priſoner in his own capital. And though according to that incongruous maſs of lumber, the ancient law of nations, he might then have been ſaid to become an enemy, becauſe he entered into a treaty of peace with France, yet, in truth, it was to be conſidered that he was conſtrained to make that treaty. But this was not all. Even in that treaty, which was directed againſt Auſtria, he ſtipulated for an article that he ſhould not fight againſt Great Britain; and yet this was the ally whom the preſent miniſters had abandoned. This was a ſtrong caſe, but it was not the whole caſe. The French drove him away from his capital of Piedmont; but he ſtill remained king of Sardinia. At a time when we were excluded from every port of the Mediterranean, except where our arms had taken poſt, the French required from him that he ſhould exclude not only all our mercantile and armed ſhips from his ports, but alſo expel all our agents. This he poſitively refuſed to do, and yet this friendly honourable power is annihilated on the continent, and his majeſty's miniſters had ſeen no material change effected thereby! Was not this enough to rouſe them? Surely, it would be thought, that, penetrated with the principles which they had put into his majeſty's mouth, they would have made a ſtand here. The treaty was made in the month of March; it was ratified in the month of May; in the month of June Piedmont was by a formal decree annexed to France; in Auguſt the conſular government made a grand ſweep and diſpoſal of the entire conſtitution of Germany, and of all the princes and powers in it! Surely, either Germany was not in Europe, or we had no intereſt in Germany—it was a place unknown to us, or ſo inſignificant and ſo diſtant as to be unworthy of notice—or miniſters, who put into the king's mouth that they could not ſee any material change with indifference, would have taken the alarm at this ſtep. Surely it demands an explanation, that the only power over which the French had not domineered—the only power upon which they had not trampled—the only power upon which we could rely as the means of counteracting the inordinate ambition and ſtrides of the conſular government, was thus inſulted and broken down, ſo as to deliver over the whole of Germany to France; and yet the king's miniſters did not view this ſtep with jealouſy; nay, though this was done

without even the accuſtomed civility of a communication to the Britiſh court, and, though they received no other notice of it than the meſſage of Talleyrand to the ſenate, yet no notice was taken of the outrage—or of its being a flagrant breach of the treaty of Amiens. The intereſts of another ally of Great Britain were alſo, in conſequence of the ſtrong feeling which was excited in this country in his favour, to be provided for.—The houſe of Orange, omitted in the preliminaries, was by a new article to be taken care of in the definitive treaty. Accordingly we find, that, a moſt perfidious ſubtlety was practiſed on the weakneſs and credulity of the king's miniſters, of which they were juſtly aſhamed; and the noble perſon who expreſſed the ſenſe of his colleagues in that houſe, pledged himſelf that the indemnity of the houſe of Orange ſhould be ample and adequate to his loſs.—What turns out to be the caſe? That it is not one tenth part of his loſs: and yet no interference in his favour was perceived. The ſame ſtupor which had prevailed all along ſtill held the king's miniſters, and their conduct was marked by humiliation and conceſſion. Nay, that was not all. Even the ſovereign of Great Britain had ſuffered in his electoral intereſts by this criminal inattention to the fate of nations. It had often falſely and moſt fooliſhly been ſaid, that Great Britain had ſuffered on account of its connection with Hanover. Now more truly might it be ſaid, that Hanover had ſuffered on account of its connection with Great Britain; or rather on account of its connection with the preſent miniſters of Great Britain. Our gracious ſovereign had been put off with a pittance altogether inadequate and unworthy of his claims. The noble lord ſaid, he muſt forbear to enlarge on the painful and delicate topic, particularly as he ſaw and felt the impreſſion which it made on their lordſhips. What then muſt they think of the king's miniſters who had ſeen the meaſure with indifference, or at leaſt who had taken no perceptible ſtep in conſequence of the ſpoliation? How can they juſtify themſelves for having, at the very moment when all this was perpetrating, gone on diſbanding the army, diſmantling the navy, ſurrendering poſt after poſt, and completely putting it out of their power to take advantage of the poſition in which they found the nation? He had a right to ſay that they were cool, tranquil, indifferent ſpectators of all this. That they diſmantled ſhip after ſhip, reduced regiment after regiment, ſent out orders to ſurrender Martinique and the Cape, and that in this apathy we came down to the end of September. It was not till October then that miniſters took alarm. It was not at leaſt perceptible, that any thing arouſed them till then; ſince no ſtep was viſibly taken for internal or foreign defence. Something new muſt have occurred, to have driven miniſters at length to take this new poſition, which made the third propoſition in his majeſty's ſpeech. That propoſition had alſo his moſt hearty concurrence. Though expreſſed in a form to comply with the rules, and ſuited to the language of parliament, yet miniſters would agree with him that it was neither more nor leſs than that his majeſty announced to his parliament an imperious neceſſity for an augmentation of the national force; and that they ſhould enable him to do ſo. This was the true intent and meaning of the phraſe; and he certainly, for one, moſt cordially acquieſced in the wiſdom, and even neceſſity, of the meaſure. He thought it indiſpenſible to our ſafety, and was only in dread, that by our raſhneſs in diſarming, it had been delayed too long. The noble lord recalled to the recollection of the houſe the only defence which had been made for the diſhonourable peace that was concluded, the 1ſt October, 1801,—That it was a peace made in the ſpirit of peace; and likely to be permanent, on account of the diſpoſition which animated the chief conſul. What had we ſeen in all this vapour but the total want of rational foreſight, and capacity with which men who aſpire to the high ſtation of governent ought to be endowed? The country was deluded for a time, but it did not laſt long. Not a day had elapſed—he might challenge obſervation on the word—not a ſingle day had elapſed, without ſome act of inſult, indignity, or attack upon Great Britain, or her ancient allies, ſince that time.—But what now had occurred? Was it ſome change in the conduct of France—ſome new encroachment—more violent and more fatal to Europe than all that was paſt? Was it the attack upon Switzerland? If this be the cauſe, he might aſk, was this more injurious than the ſeizing on Parma by one treaty with Spain, and on Louiſiana by another? The whole conduct of his majeſty's miniſters had been a ſeries of groſs and inexcuſable error; and he muſt take upon himſelf to ſay, that in ſuch hands he could not truſt the ſafety and independence of the empire—nay, he might ſay the exiſtence; for he had no ſcruple in

ſaying that the very exiſtence of the Britiſh empire depended on the ſyſtem which ſhould be purſued for the next three months. Nothing of perſonal animoſity influenced his mind in making this obſervation. He could truly ſay with the noble earl near him, that he had no perſonal ill-will to any one member of his majeſty's preſent councils; but he muſt ſolemnly declare that, if we meant by any one ſtrong united effort to ſave the veſſel of the ſtate, we muſt change the perſons in whoſe hands the direction was placed. We muſt completely get rid of that wavering, indeciſive, and contradictory conduct which had ſubjected us to the deriſion of Europe for the laſt twelve-months. The acquieſcence of miniſters up to the interference in the affairs of Switzerland, had ſhewn that our councils were in the hands of men totally unfit and inadequate to the criſis. For now that they had awakened from this ſtupor, and ſhewn ſome ſigns of life, they had done it when they could not have communication or concert with thoſe powers of the continent who could have made an interference effectual. What ſhall we ſay of the impotence of thoſe miniſters when they make this exploſion of rage at the outrage on Switzerland at the very moment when Auſtria was making a declaration in the oppoſite tendency? Why not have taken the moment when they might have had co-operation? Why firſt reſolve to give up Martinique and the Cape, and then take offence? Surely their whole conduct was calculated only to expoſe us to the contempt of the enemy. Martinique, the Cape, and Malta, three great commanding ports, were in our hands. Martinique was ſurrendered. Orders were ſent out to ſurrender the Cape: and it was only a matter of accident if it was not ſo. He ſhould be curious to learn the date of the orders ſent out for its detention; becauſe it would ſhew that if it eſcaped the folly of their conduct, it was by accident only that it was preſerved. Malta, however, was ſtill in our hands, and he rejoiced in the fact. We were indebted for its ſafety to one of the blunders which had marked their adminiſtration. Oh! that all their blunders had been equally fortunate! The noble lord concluded his moſt ſpirited and vehement animadverſion on miniſtry by ſaying, that a ſenſe of duty to his king and country had compelled him to expreſs his ſentiments of their conduct. He had never been one of thoſe whom they had duped into a conviction that we might enjoy even a little deluſive tranquillity. He knew that a nation like Great Britain ought never to buy protection by ſacrifices and conceſſions. All hiſtory, and even the hiſtory of our nation, was againſt ſuch a ſtep. When our anceſtors poorly bribed the Danes with money to return to their homes, they laid out the ſums in the purchaſe of ſhips to return to the attack. Let us not conſole ourſelves, as ſome of the ſtates of Europe weakly did, that though our government might be changed, our private properties would be ſaved, and our perſonal eaſe ſecured. No, we could not have our government changed for the better; nor our properties better ſecured than they were. And we muſt eternally keep in mind this truth—that though we might be at peace with France, France was artfully at war with England; as much ſo as if the declaration of war had actually been made; perhaps ſhe might chuſe, indeed, to call the ſpeech of this day a declaration of war. If ſhe did ſo, it could not make us worſe. We muſt exert ourſelves; we muſt ſtrain every nerve; we muſt ſtruggle for an exiſtence; but he had no heſitation in ſaying that, if we meant to make that ſtruggle effectual, it muſt not be under the auſpices of the preſent perſons in office. No; not under ſuch men.—There was but one man in the kingdom, to whom every eye was directed—to whom every heart was attracted, as alone equal to rally the national force—as alone equal to weather the ſtorm.

Lord PELHAM ſaid, that was not the proper time to go into a detail of the nature and extent of the intended augmentation of the force of the kingdom, he hoped, therefore, that his ſilence upon the ſubject would not be conſtrued into an aſſent to the conſtruction that had been put by the noble lords (lord Grenville and Carliſle) upon that part of his majeſty's ſpeech; but thus much he would ſay, that no ſudden or great augmentation of the troops was intended, nor did there appear any thing in the ſtate of Europe, that made ſuch an augmentation neceſſary. With regard to that part of the noble lord's reaſoning which applied to the indemnities aſſigned to the different ſtates of Germany, his lordſhip ſaid, he could not think this country had any juſtifiable cauſe to interfere ſo long as the ſeveral ſtates in queſtion were ſatisfied themſelves with the indemnities allotted to them.

Lord CARYSFORT ſaid, he was ſorry to learn from the noble ſecretary of ſtate, that they were not likely to be gratified with that eſſential augmentation, which the

critical ſituation of the empire indiſpenſibly required. It was undoubtedly a ſolemn and ſerious thing to engage in war, and the noble ſecretary of ſtate would not be juſtified in unneceſſarily plunging the country into a renewal of hoſtilities, but there might occur circumſtances which might make ſuch a meaſure unavoidable. His lordſhip drew the diſtinction between peace and war being conſidered as experiments. War, he admitted, to be an experiment, becauſe the events of a war were uncertain; but peace, he contended, was not an experiment, but a matter of certainty. He declared he was aſtoniſhed to hear the noble ſecretary of ſtate talk ſo lightly of the diſtribution of territory in Germany. Was it a matter of no importance to the country to have the means of carrying on her commerce with ſecurity? The North of Germany appeared to him, his lordſhip ſaid, to be of the higheſt importance to the commercial intereſts of this country.

Lord HOBART roſe to complain of the injuſtice of a noble lord, late one of his majeſty's miniſters, in cenſuring the king's preſent ſervants, on account of the diſmemberment of Germany, when he could not but know that the treaty of Luneville was made during the noble lord's adminiſtration, and that Germany was brought into its preſent condition, by circumſtances which were not ſubject to the controul of any miniſters. It was enough for him to ſay, that the indemnities in Germany were not conſidered as of ſufficient importance to prevent its making peace. The noble lord ſtood up to charge his majeſty's ſervants with incapacity; it did not become him (lord H.) to ſay one word in anſwer to ſuch a charge, he only deſired, as they had done from the firſt, that the preſent adminiſtration might be judged by its conduct; but he would tell that noble lord, that he could not charge the preſent miniſters with incapacity, without at the ſame time criminating himſelf for having relinquiſhed his poſt.

The queſtion was then put upon the addreſs, which was agreed to *nemine diſſentiente.*

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Tueſday, November 16.

A great number of members took the qualification oath, in the long gallery, before the lord Steward of the houſehold. After the ceremony, theſe members entered the houſe, and took their places accordingly.

At half an hour paſt two o'clock, ſir Francis Molyneux, uſher of the black rod, came down, and ſummoned Mr. Leigh (the principal clerk at the table) and the members to repair to the houſe of lords, in order to hear the commiſſion read.

Mr. Leigh, in obedience to this command, accordingly went to the houſe of lords, attended by the members. Having returned, and taken his ſeat at the table,

Sir WILLIAM SCOTT roſe, and after paſſing many compliments on the abilities of Mr. Abbott (the late ſpeaker) moved, 'That the right honourable Charles Abbott be called to the chair, as ſpeaker of this houſe.'

Mr. H. LASCELLES, in a ſhort ſpeech, ſecond the motion, which was carried unanimouſly.

Sir W. Scott and Mr. H. Laſcelles then led Mr. Abbott to the chair.

The SPEAKER then addreſſed the houſe.—Placed for the ſecond time in this high office, I feel penetrated by the deepeſt gratitude, but I humbly truſt that the houſe will rather feel inclined to judge from my conduct while I retain this honour, rather than from my profeſſions I can make.

Lord CASTLEREAGH then congratulated the ſpeaker in a very elegant though ſhort ſpeech, upon the choice which the houſe had juſt made, which he was happy to ſay, met with the moſt cordial approbation.

Wedneſday, November 17.

The SPEAKER (Mr. Abbott) came to the houſe about two o'clock, but not attired in his robes, and very ſoon afterward the uſher of the black rod ſummoned the members to the houſe of lords.—They accordingly went up, headed by the ſpeaker, and on their return, the ſpeaker acquainted them that he had been in the houſe of peers, where his majeſty through his commiſſion, had given his approbation to their election of a ſpeaker: that he had, according to ancient uſage, claimed by petition to his majeſty, all the rights and privileges of the commons houſe of parliament, freedom of debate, freedom from arreſt in their own perſons, and in thoſe of their ſervants; that his majeſty ſhould conſtrue all their proceedings in the moſt favourable manner, and that they ſhould have acceſs to his majeſty's perſon when occaſion might require. His majeſty had been graciouſly pleaſed, by his commiſſioners, to give his aſſent to all theſe demands in the moſt ample manner.

A great number of members were then ſworn in, after which the houſe adjourned.

[The proceedings in the commons on his majeſty's ſpeech, Tueſday, Nov. 23, ſhall be given in our next.]

CONTINENTAL ADVICES.

SWISSERLAND.

The Helvetic Diet to Citizen Bonaparte, First Conſul of the French Republic.

THE Proclamation which you did us the honour to ſend to us on the 30th of September, by citizen Rapp, your adjutant-general, arrived at Schwitz, on the 6th of October.

We could have wiſhed that the letter we took the liberty of ſending you, general firſt conſul, could have reached you ſooner: it contains a faithful expoſition of the preſent ſtate of Swiſſerland. Permit us to ſend you incloſed a duplicate of it, and to entreat you to receive it favourably. It will prove to you that the movements which have taken place in Swiſſerland are not the reſult of a ſpirit of party, and that the Swiſs nation has no other object in view than to make uſe of the right which ſhe claims of giving herſelf a central and cantonal conſtitution, founded on her poſition and her wants—a ſacred and precious right, which you deigned yourſelf to enſure her by the treaty of Lunéville.

Swiſſerland would long ſince have been tranquil, if the members of the Helvetic government, thoſe obſcure metaphyſicians, had conſulted the real ſtate of affairs, inſtead of obſtinately attaching themſelves to theoretic attempts, as erroneous as they are expenſive.

The violence with which they have tried to impoſe their ſyſtem upon the democratic cantons, the civil war they have organized to attain their end, directed at firſt againſt thoſe cantons, then againſt all Swiſſerland, the unexampled ſeverity with which they have done it, have produced a diſcontent equally general and juſt, and a determined and avowed will to ſhake off this unſupportable yoke.

It is not then, general firſt conſul, an affair of party; it is the ſacred cauſe of humanity; it is the general wiſh of a whole nation, which has given us our power and our inſtructions; of a nation which you yourſelf wiſhed to free, and which has been ill-treated and irritated contary to your intentions.

Yet that nation, we render ourſelves guarantees, will never abuſe the liberty it claims. The Swiſs have nothing more at heart than to retain a ſtate of repoſe, in which, under the ſhield of a mild and juſt government, each inhabitant may enjoy his property and his exiſtence. We are convinced that we ſhall arrive at that eſſential object of all ſocial order, from the moment our will and our efforts ſhall be no longer fettered.

General firſt conſul, all Europe admires in you the ſupreme head of an immenſe power and empire, which, without doubt, according to your views, will be directed to the good of humanity; your magnanimity aſſures us, that you will not make uſe of it againſt a people who only deſire what you have made them hope, and who only wiſh what they believe themſelves authorized to do by yourſelf.

Penetrated with eternal gratitude, the Swiſs nation will do its endeavour to deſerve the good will of the French government; and will fulfil all the duties which are impoſed upon it by the deſire of cultivating good neighbourhood.

It is with the moſt diſtinguiſhed reſpect that we remain, general firſt conſul,

Schweitz, Oct. 18, 1802. THE DEPUTIES OF THE HELVETIC DIET.

Baſle, Nov. 3. The diet of Schweitz exiſts no more; it was forced to diſſolve itſelf on the 28th of October. The laſt categorical declaration from general Rapp, and the approach of the French troops to the place of their meeting, made them ſeparate againſt the wiſhes of their preſident, the celebrated Aloys Reding, who preferred war. Before it cloſed its ſittings, it publiſhed a proclamation in ſubſtance as follows:—

'The members of the diet return their powers to the hands of their conſtituents, having been checked in their proceedings by a foreign armed force, and by the influence of extraordinary circumſtances; they do not renounce the right guaranteed to the different cantons by the treaty of Luneville, of giving to Swiſſerland a ſuitable conſtitution, and they proteſt before hand againſt all that other inhabitants of Swiſſerland are about to do, to renounce that right.'

The deputies of the diet left Schweitz on the 29th and 30th of October.

ITALY.

Parma, October 30.

In the name of the French Republic.

Mederic-Louis Elie Moreau Saint-Mery, counſellor of ſtate, Adminiſtrator-general of the ſtates of Parma, Piacenza, Guaſtalla, &c.

A convention concluded between France and Spain, the 21ſt of March 1801, place at the diſpoſal of France the ſtates of the Infant duke of Parma; and death having carried off that prince upon the 9th of October 1802, the firſt conſul has decided, that from this moment the exerciſe of the ſovereignty is transferred by juſt right to the French republic, and he has in conſequence caſt his eyes upon us, and declared us adminiſtrator general of theſe ſtates. We have in conſequence decreed as follows:

I. Reckoning from the 9th of October, all the rights and powers attached to the ſovereignty in the ſaid ſtates of Parma, Piacenza, Guaſtalla, &c. belong and remain to the French republic.

II. The proviſional regency eſtabliſhed the ſame day that his royal highneſs the Infant duke of Parma had ceaſed to live, is ſuppreſſed.

III. All the functionaries of the old government ſhall continue proviſionally, and until a new order expreſs their functions.

IV. The public acts, whatever their nature, ſhall be made out in the name of the French republic, and ſhall bear a double date, viz. that of the calendar of this republic and that of the old calendar.

V. No act of public adminiſtration or legiſlation ſhall have any validity, unleſs it emanates directly from us, or is cloathed with our approbation.

VI. We enjoin all the public functionaries, without exception, under their reſponſibility, to increaſe their zeal and activity, to labour conjointly with us to maintain good order and public tranquillity, to ſecure the triumph of juſtice, without which there is no ſociety, and to preſerve among a people, worthy of all our cares, the reſpect which it owes to its magiſtrates, as alſo the ſentiment of happineſs to be governed by France.

VII. The preſent decree ſhall be printed, publiſhed, and poſted up in the uſual places, and regiſtered in the different offices through the whole extent of the ſtates of Parma, Piacenza, Guaſtalla, &c. in order that it may be known by every body, and that all may conform to it in every reſpect, &c.

(Signed) MOREAU SAINT MERY.

Parma, Oct. 23.

GERMANY.

Ratiſbon, Oct. 26. The deputation of the empire has held to-day its twentieth ſitting. The miniſter has made the communication of an addreſs from the imperial plenipotentiary. After the peruſal of this, the miniſter from Bohemia made, in the name of his auguſt conſtituent; a declaration to the ſame effect. This is the purport:

'His imperial majeſty has been pleaſed to announce, by his ſub-delegate to the deputation extraordinary of the empire, that having, agreeably to his anxiety for the maintenance of tranquillity, removed every obſtacle which oppoſed the ſucceſs of his negociations at Paris, and having taken for the baſis of the concluſive arrangement the ſupplement of indemnity offered by the French government itſelf, for his royal highneſs the grand duke of Tuſcany, his majeſty hopes to ſee inſtantly eſtabliſhed an amicable underſtanding, which will have for its immediate conſequence the moſt ſatisfactory regulation of the buſineſs with which the deputation is charged. Since, from the nature of this affair, his imperial majeſty muſt reſerve to himſelf a final approbation, he has no doubt but that the co-eſtates which form a part of the deputation, will content themſelves with this preliminary declaration, and will repoſe in him, on that head, the confidence which he thinks he merits, after having given ſo many proofs of the ſincerity of his views, and the moderation of his ſentiments.'

The majority of the deputation received this declaration with marks of the moſt lively intereſt.

OSNABURG.

The following royal patent ordinance relative to the occupation of the biſhopric of Oſnaburg, has been publiſhed there: it is dated Hanover, November 4, 1802.

'We, George the Third, &c. hereby ſignify to the canons and other clergy, to the knights, vaſſals, burghers, inhabitants, and ſubjects of the late biſhopric of Oſnaburg, our royal favour and good will. Foraſmuch as by the late relation of the indemnites in Germany, in purſuance of the peace of Luneville, adopted by the deputation of the empire at Ratiſbon, the late biſhopric of Oſnaburg, with all its dependencies, is ſecularized and aſſigned to us and our houſe, as an hereditary principality; and as ſuch has been accepted by us, and as we have agreed with reſpect to its ceſſion and evacuation, with its ſovereign, our beloved prince Frederick duke of York and Albany, we have thought good, and reſolved to take poſſeſſion of the ſaid principality of Oſnaburg, with all its de-

pendencies, and the government of the ſame for us and our houſe; and for that purpoſe have appointed our ſtate and cabinet miniſter, Chriſtian-Louis-Auguſtus von Arnſwaldt, our commiſſioner plenipotentiary, and have ordered our troops to march. We, therefore, by this patent, take on ourſelves the government of the principality of Oſnaburg, and require the canons and other clergy, the knights, vaſſals, burghers, and other inhabitants and ſubjects, to acknowledge us as their only ſovereign, and to be true and faithful to us, our heirs and ſucceſſors. We cannot doubt but they will deport themſelves peaceably on this occaſion, and render obedience to all orders which may be ſignified to them in our name, by our miniſter plenipotentiary, and that they will transfer to us the fidelity and duty they ſhowed to their former ſovereign, in which caſe they may rely with full confidence on our unwearied care for their welfare, and paternal protection and favour.

'Ad Mandatum Regis et Electoris Speciale.

KIELMANNSEGG,
ARNSWALDT,
DECKEN.'

HISTORICAL CHRONICLE.

OCTOBER 28.

YESTERDAY the ſeſſion commenced at the Old Bailey, before Mr. baron Thompſon, the recorder, lord mayor, and the cuſtomary officers of the court.

NOVEMBER 5.

On Wedneſday, the common ſerjeant made a report to his majeſty of the following priſoners, under ſentence of death in Newgate, viz. George Brown, Joſeph Dyſon, Mary Heath, Benjamin Harpur, Thomas Porter, Daniel Beſſet, alias Biſex, William Topper, Dennis Burk, Johannah Braidy, Walter Bond, William Herbert, John Reynolds, Samuel Beach, Francis Ryley, Charles Smith, John Roberts, Edward Griffiths, James Norton, Miles Griſter, George Steward, Henry Elmſted, and John Oliver—when Benjamin Harpur and Henry Elmſted were ordered for execution.

NOVEMBER 8.

On Saturday, the ſeſſion ended at the Old Bailey, when ſentence of death was paſſed upon the fifteen following convicts: Franciſco, for maliciouſly firing a piſtol, loaded with powder and ball, at Mr. Maryan; Edward Wright, James White, Thomas Wynd, Charles Connor, Simon Feller, Ann Penny, William Varley, Morris Haley, Judith Quinland, Charles Hawkins, Edward Thompſon, Kennet Mackenzie, John Staight, and William Williames, for burglaries, highway robberies, ſtealing in dwelling-houſes, &c.

James Briſcoe and John Denham, for manſlaughter, to be confined twelve-months in the houſe of correction, and to be fined one ſhilling.

John Stoin, for perjury, to be confined one month in Newgate, to ſtand in and upon the pillory, and to be tranſported for the term of ſeven years.

Forty-ſix were ordered to be tranſported to New South Wales for the term of ſeven years.

NOVEMBER 9.

General Andreoſſi, ambaſſador from the French republic, arrived at his houſe in Portland-place, at one o'clock on Saturday morning. His excellency came in an elegant coach, drawn by eight horſes, accompanied by the junior Portalis, his ſecretary; this was followed by two handſome carriages, with ſix horſes each, containing the ſuite of the ambaſſador.

NOVEMBER 10.

Yeſterday at twelve o'clock, the old and new lord-mayors, attended by the ſheriffs, ſeveral aldermen, and city officers, moved from Guildhall in their reſpective ſtate and other carriages, to the bottom of Queen-ſtreet; they took water for Weſtminſter, where they paid their reſpects to the courts of juſtice, according to ancient cuſtom.—They returned to Blackfriars-bridge, accompanied by the different companies, &c. where they landed, and proceeded from thence in proceſſion, preceded by the Ironmonger's company, and the ſtate-coach, followed by the old lord-mayor, alderman Boydell, &c. in their carriages to Guildhall.

Mr. Steele, proprietor of the lavender water warehouſe, Catharine-ſtreet, Strand, was yeſterday morning found murdered on Hounſlow-heath. The deceaſed went on Friday laſt to Belfont, where he had a plantation of lavender, for the purpoſe of giving ſome inſtructions to the people whom he there employed, meaning to return home on the following day. Not having returned at the appointed time, his family concluded that he had been unexpectedly detained by buſineſs; and this conſideration prevented any alarm for his

ſafety, till Monday morning, when they ſent a meſſenger to Belfont, to enquire the cauſe of his delay. The information there received was, that he had ſet out at ſeven o'clock on Saturday evening, and being unable to procure any kind of carriage, had reſolved to proceed to town on foot. Since that time, the people at Belfont had heard no intelligence whatever of him. This circumſtance led his relations to conclude that ſome fatal accident had befallen him, and his brother-in law, with ſome other friends, determined in conſequence to ſet out in ſearch of him. For ſeveral hours they continued in vain exploring different part of the heath. At length, however, they diſcovered at a ſhort diſtance from the road a piece of blue cloth. On laying hold of this, they found it to be the ſkirt of a great coat buried in the turf, and which, on examination, proved to be the ſame that Mr. Steele had taken with him from home. Proceeding a little further, they ſaw near a buſh a ſoldier's hat, and examining the buſh with care, they perceived a quantity of blood; this appearance led them to conclude that murder had been committed near the ſpot, and on further examination, they found their murdered relative ſhockingly mangled, nearly covered with turf. Upon inſpection, they diſcovered that the deceaſed had received ſeveral wounds on the top and on the back of the head, and that a part of his forehead had been entirely cut away. Round his neck they found tied a ſtrong piece of belt, by which it is ſuppoſed he had been ſtrangled. The wounds on the head appeared to them as if inflicted with a bayonet, and this circumſtance, as well as that of a military hat having been found near the ſpot, excited a ſuſpicion that the murder was perpetrated by a ſoldier and woman, who were ſeen walking acroſs the heath the ſame evening. The pockets of the deceaſed were entirely cut away, and his boots and hat had alſo been carried off. The moſt diligent ſearch is now making for the murderers.

NOVEMBER 13.

Yeſterday morning Benjamin Harper was executed in the Old Bailey, for a burglary in the houſe of C. Sweedland, eſq. in Berners-ſtreet, Oxford-ſtreet, and ſtealing a large quantity of ſilver plate.—H. Elmſted, ordered for execution at the ſame time, was reprieved on Thurſday.

NOVEMBER 17.

The monument dedicated to the memory of captain Richard Rundle Burges, who ſo nobly loſt his life in the ſervice of his country, was opened to public inſpection in St. Paul's cathedral on Monday laſt. The figure of captain Burges, covered in part with a Roman veſtment, but ſeen in all its manly proportions, is admirably formed, and placed in a characteriſtic attitude. He is receiving a ſword from Victory, who is ſuppoſed to be juſt alighting to reward a favourite hero. The figure is light, elegant, and intereſting — Around the ſarcophagus, there are the ſymbols of Captivity and Defeat, the former bending in ſubmiſſion, and the latter retiring with ſhame. The allegory is well-conceived, and clearly expreſſed. The figures are grouped with taſte, and the expreſſion is ſtriking. All the trophies and decorations are appropriate, and finiſhed in a very beautiful ſtyle. Mr. Banks was the artiſt ſelected by government on this occaſion.

The following is the Inſcription placed on this monument, which is entitled to a high rank among the moſt diſtinguiſhed ornaments of the Britiſh capital:

Sacred to the Memory
Of RICHARD RUNDLE BURGES, Eſq.
Commander of his Majeſty's Ship the Ardent,
Who fell in the 43d Year of his Age,
While bravely ſupporting the Honor of the Britiſh Flag,
In a daring and ſucceſsful Attempt to break the Enemy's Line, near Camperdowne,
On the Eleventh of October, 1797.
His ſkill, coolneſs, and intrepidity, eminently contributed to a Victory,
Equally advantageous and glorious to his Country.
That grateful Country,
By the unanimous Act of her Legiſlature,
Enrols his Name
High in the Liſt of thoſe Heroes,
Who, under the Bleſſing of Providence,
Have eſtabliſhed and maintained her
Naval Superiority,
And her exalted Rank among Nations.

NOVEMBER 20.

Lord Whitworth, the Britiſh ambaſſador, arrived at Paris on Sunday laſt, at three o'clock; he occupies the ſame hotel which the duke of Dorſet had, Fambourg du Roule.

St. James's, Nov. 17. This day general Andreoſſi, ambaſſador from the French republic, had his firſt private audience of his majeſty to deliver his credentials: to which he was introduced by the right hon. lord Hawkeſbury, his majeſty's principal ſecretary of ſtate for foreign affairs, and conducted by ſir Stephen Cot-

trell, knt. maſter of the ceremonies.—*London Gaz.*

NOVEMBER 22.

For ſome days paſt there have been floating rumours of the re-activity of the correſponding ſociety, and of the exiſtence of plots and conſpiracies in the metropolis, of the moſt alarming nature, which appears to have been too well-founded.—Col. Deſpard, who during the late ſuſpenſion of the Habeas Corpus, was confined in Cold-bath-fields priſon, appears to have been at the head of the newly diſcovered conſpiracy, which has fortunately been diſcloſed to government by a ſoldier of the guards, to whom the colonel had attempted to adminiſter a treaſonable oath.

In conſequence of the ſoldier's information, a ſearch warrant was iſſued, and a numerous body of police officers went to the Oakley-arms public-houſe, Oakley-ſtreet, oppoſite the aſylum, in Lambeth. Here they apprehended col. Deſpard, and twenty-nine labouring men and ſoldiers, and brought them to Union-hall. Next morning, Wedneſday, a communication was made by the Union-hall magiſtrates to ſir Richard Ford, who repaired to Union hall, where colonel Deſpard underwent a long private examination before him, R. C. Smith, T. Evance, and T. Broadley, eſqrs. after which he was committed to the county gaol of Surrey. The remaining twenty-nine were committed without any examination, fourteen of them to Tothill-fields Bridewell, and fifteen to the houſe of correction, in Coldbath-fields. The party, when ſurpriſed, ſaid they were a club, that met there for innocent recreation. The privy council ſat upon the buſineſs on Thurſday. It commenced at eleven, and broke up at three. Col. Deſpard's examination laſted the whole time the privy council ſat. He was committed to Newgate for further examination. On Friday, col. Deſpard was again examined by the privy council; when he was fully committed to Newgate to take his trial for ſeducing ſome of the guards from their duty and allegiance.

Thomas Broughton and Charles Pendle were remanded for further examination.

Among the papers found in the poſſeſſion of the priſoners, were ſeditious toaſts and ſongs; but the moſt material was, one declaratory of certain rights, with a copy of the oath taken on becoming a member. It begins with—'Conſtitution, Independence of Ireland and Great Britain, Equalization of all Civic Rights.' Then follows an aſſurance, that the members will unite to maintain the families of all thoſe heroes who may fall in contending for their rights.

NOVEMBER 27.

Dover, Nov. 24. The Dutch Indiaman Vryheid, which paſſed Dover Roads in diſtreſs on Monday evening, having loſt her mainmaſt, made ſignals for aſſiſtance, but the pilot boat which put off never reached her, as it came on dreadfully thick and tempeſtuous, ſo that ſhe was ſoon loſt ſight of. In this helpleſs ſituation, the crew were unable to keep her off the land, and about one in the morning ſhe was driven on ſhore near Hythe, by the fury of the wind. The number of perſons on board conſiſted of 320 ſoldiers, 42 officers, 61 ſeamen, 22 women, 7 children, and 20 paſſengers: total 472. Of whom not more than eighteen are ſaid to have been ſaved. Every officer periſhed. The captain's wife was on board, and periſhed with her huſband. The body of a woman was thrown upon the beach, among the reſt, with an infant cloſely preſſed to her boſom. Fourteen of the poor ſufferers were taken out of an excavation of the rock altogether.—The veſſel ſoon went to pieces, the cargo nearly all deſtroyed, and the coaſt from the fatal period ſtrewed with dead bodies. The ſcene was truly afflicting.

St. James's, Nov. 24. This day Mr. Otto, miniſter plenipotentiary from the French republic, had an audience of his majeſty, to deliver his letters of recall.

NOVEMBER 29.

On Saturday morning, captain William Codlin, late of the brig Adventure, was executed, purſuant to his ſentence, at Execution Dock. [*For an account of his trial, ſee our laſt Magazine, p.* 300.]

BIRTHS.

LADY of the right hon. and rev. lord Charles Aynſley, a daughter.

Her royal highneſs the princeſs of Brazil, a ſon.

MARRIAGES.

HENRY Berkin, eſq. of Penderyn, Brecon, to miſs Maria Louiſa Pearſon, eldeſt daughter of Edward Pearſon, eſq. of Landaff.

Colonel de Viſme, late of the Coldſtream guards, to Mrs. Halls, widow of Robert Halls, M. D.

John Hope, eſq. to miſs L. Elton, daughter of the late Iſaac Elton, eſq. of Stapleton Houſe, Gloucesterſhire.

Major Sidney Beckwith, to miſs Clementina Loughnan, daughter of the late T. Loughnan, eſq. of London.

Lieutenant-general D'Oyly, to miſs Thomas, daughter of the late Rev. Hugh Thomas, D. D. dean of Ely.

Thomas Martin, eſq. of Cateaton-ſtreet, to miſs Fenoulhet, daughter of James Fenoulhet, eſq.

Richard Maſſey Hanſard, eſq. of Groſvenor-place, to miſs Thomas, daughter of David Thomas, eſq. of Pwllywrach, Glamorganſhire.

Stephen Gaſelee, eſq. of the Inner Temple, to miſs Harris, of Hadley.

Captain G. H. Towry, of the navy, to miſs Chamberlaine, daughter of G. Chamberlaine, eſq. of Devonſhire-place.

DEATHS.

DR. Hunter, miniſter of the Scotch church, London wall.

Rev. John Fairfax Franklin, rector of Attleborough, Norfolk.

Mrs. St. Barbe, wife of John St. Barbe, eſq. of Blackheath.

Monſieur de Calonne.

Paul Agutter, eſq. of Aldermanbury.

William Gall, of Mancheſter, aged 105.

Rev. Stebbing Shaw, rector of Hartſham, in Derbyſhire.

Rev. J. Towers, rector of Billingborough, aged 90.

Philip Charles Alvenſleben, of Berlin, miniſter of ſtate.

Rev. Dr. Burrough, ſenior fellow of Magdalen college, Oxford.

Thomas O'Reilly, of Cormela, county Cavan, aged 102.

Mrs. Saumerez, wife of Richard Saumerez, eſq. of Newington Butts.

Rev. Charles Wildbore, of Broughton Sulney, Nottingham.

William Coney, eſq. of Winchester-place, Pentonville.

General Jerningham, at Vienna, aged 80.

Robert Winter, eſq. of the Pipe-office, aged 75.

Mr. Sewell, of Cornhill, bookſeller.

Samuel David Levy, of Amſterdam, aged 100 years.

Earl of Beaulieu, aged 82.

Robert Alderſey, eſq. F. R. and A. S. of Alderſey-hall, Cheſhire.

George Romney, eſq. at Kendall, the celebrated painter.

BANKRUPTS. From the GAZETTE.

OCTOBER 30.

W. HARRISON the younger, Newport ſtreet, commiſſion agent broker.

B. Schotel, Manſion-houſe-ſtreet, merchant.

D. Etherington, York, merchant.

NOVEMBER 2.

B. Schlotel, Manſion-houſe-ſtreet, merchant.

M. Hayes, Newington, Surry, haberdaſher.

D. Jones, Commerce-row, Surry, baker.

C. Gale, Tower-hill, merchant.

T. Gilman, Norwich, linen-draper.

W. Gill, Wakefield, Yorkſhire, ironmonger.

J. Miller, Abbey, Cumberland, grocer.

NOVEMBER 6.

S. Salomonſon, New-ſtreet, Biſhopſgate-ſtreet, merchant.

H. Ericks, Glouceſter, ſugar refiner.

M. Cockerell, Walpole, Suffolk, ſhopkeeper.

T. Lang, Liverpool, merchant.

W. Froſſer, Back-hill, Hatton-garden, whiteſmith.

R. Peach, Wakefield, Yorkſhire, woolſtapler.

J. Vincent, Wapping-wall, cheeſemonger.

W. Lake, Biſhopſgate-ſtreet, merchant.

W. Trippaſs, St. Martin's-le-Grand, bookſeller.

W. Clark, Newport, perfumer.

NOVEMBER 9.

J. King, Portland-place, banker.

C. Sandoz, Richmond-buildings, Soho, watchmaker.

T. True, Stamford, Lincolnſhire, draper.

W. Champion, Worksop, Nottingham, common-brewer.

W. Dring, and D. Dring, Brighthelmſtone, ſhopkeepers.

S. Levy, King-ſtreet, Tower hill, ſlopſeller.

T. Blunt, Godalming, Surry, moneyſcrivener.

J. Chapman, Yarmouth, linen-draper.

M. Dulhuntz, and A. Baker, Sackville-ſtreet, milliners.

I. R. Furtado, South-ſtreet, Finſbury-ſquare, merchant.

T. Chaplin, Kingſton-upon Hull, merchant.

A. Oſbaldeſton, Bruton-ſtreet, worſted-man.

R. Twiſs, Upper Titchfield-ſtreet, paper manufacturer.

H. Seymour, Maidenhead, Berkſhire, coal-merchant.

J. Sutcliffe, York, chymiſt.

W. Bennet, Greenfield-ſtreet, Mile-end, merchant.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WILSON's History of the British Expedition to Egypt, 4to, 1l 11s 6d.

Baily's Tables for purchasing and renewing Leases, 8vo, 5s.

Murray's Lecture Francois, 12mo, 4s 6d, bound.

Murray's Power of Religion, French, 12mo, 4s, bound.

Schomberg's Naval Chronology, to 1802, 5 vol. 8vo, 2l 2s.

Woodfall's Digested Index to the Chancery Reports, royal 8vo, 16s.

Regnault's Observations on Pulmonary Consumption, 8vo, 4s.

Adviser, vol. 1, 12mo, 5s.

Modern Discoveries, vol. 1, 2, 18mo, 10s.

Stanger's Remarks on suppressing Contagious Fever, 1s.

Trinder's Treatise on Oil and the Air Bath, 8vo, 5s.

Wilmot's (Judge) Notes of Opinions and Judgments, 4to, 1l 1s.

Memoirs of the Life of Judge Wilmot, 4to, 9s.

Simons' Moral Education The One Thing needful, 8vo, 2s.

Fischer's Travels in Spain, 1797-8, 8vo, 7s.

Rhyme and Reason, short and original Poems, 12mo, 4s.

Tales of Superstition and Chivalry, 12mo, 4s.

Pilkington's (Mrs.) Mentorial Tales, for young Ladies, 12mo, 3s 6d.

Goldsmith's Natural History, abridged, by Pilkington, 8vo, 9s.

Sans Souci, a Selection of Songs, 12mo, 2s 6d.

Younge's Odes of Anacreon, 12mo, 3s.

Angelica's Lady's Library, 4to, 1l 1s.

Memoirs of Mr. Addington's Administration, 8vo, 6s.

Journal of a Party of Pleasure to Paris, 8vo, 10s 6d.

Wallace, or Vale of Ellerslie, with other Poems, 12mo. 5s.

Guthrie's (Mrs.) Tour through the Taurida, 4to, 1l 11s 6d.

Gardiner's Sermons, at Bath, 8vo, 8s.

Hyett's Description of the Watering-places in Devonshire, 3s 6d.

Tale of Mystery, a Drama, 2s.

Annual Register, 1801, 8vo, 10s 6d.

Theodosius de Zulvin, 4 vol. 12mo, 12s.

Astonishment, a Romance, 2 vol. 12mo, 9s.

Vale of Conway, 4 vol. 12mo, 14s.

Arthur Mervyn, 3 vol. 12mo, 12s.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN,

November 20, 1802.

By the Winchester Quarter of 8 Bushels.

Inland Counties.

	Wheat.		Rye.		Barley.		Oats.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Middlesex	60	4	39	1	29	11	25	9
Surry	61	8	44	0	32	2	24	0
Hertford	53	6	30	6	28	4	22	0
Bedford	54	8	28	4	26	0	21	3
Huntingdon	52	9	——		26	0	18	8
Northampton	54	8	32	0	24	10	19	4
Rutland	57	0	——		26	0	20	0
Leicester	57	1	——		27	0	19	6
Nottingham	62	3	37	0	32	2	21	10
Derby	64	2	——		30	8	21	4
Stafford	65	8	——		34	3	20	11
Salop	63	8	42	8	30	3	23	11
Hereford	55	11	35	2	24	6	21	6
Worcester	62	8	44	4	30	5	25	9
Warwick	62	10	——		29	7	22	5
Wilts	55	8	——		25	2	21	8
Berks	57	10	——		26	6	24	5
Oxford	57	0	——		24	11	21	1
Bucks	57	7	——		26	10	22	8
Brecon	57	7	32	0	25	7	16	0
Montgomery	57	7	——		——		18	7
Radnor	53	5	——		25	7	19	0

Maritime Counties.

Essex	56	8	36	0	27	4	25	6
Kent	56	4	44	0	28	2	23	0
Sussex	58	2	——		30	0	24	2
Suffolk	55	5	33	7	26	1	22	11
Cambridge	55	4	35	0	25	11	17	4
Norfolk	54	11	35	4	25	9	21	4
Lincoln	56	10	34	6	27	3	19	4
York	57	9	41	1	30	4	17	8
Durham	60	4	——		30	0	19	8
Northumberland	58	10	36	10	26	1	19	8
Cumberland	75	3	53	10	29	11	21	5
Westmorland	72	6	55	4	32	2	24	9
Lancaster	64	7	——		31	4	23	0
Chester	61	0	——		33	9	22	2
Flint	56	0	——		39	8	20	0
Denbigh	66	11	——		33	10	19	6
Anglesea	50	0	——		24	0	——	
Carnarvon	63	8	——		27	4	17	4
Merioneth	65	4	46	8	31	0	19	0
Cardigan	51	4	——		24	0	12	0
Pembroke	52	6	——		25	5	——	
Carmarthen	59	0	——		21	11	12	2
Glamorgan	59	6	——		24	6	17	8
Gloucester	61	5	——		24	10	22	6
Somerset	59	2	——		23	2	17	11
Monmouth	58	5	——		24	11	——	
Devon	61	2	——		21	9	17	4
Cornwall	61	8	——		23	0	17	2
Dorset	61	3	——		24	4	19	8
Hants	59	0	——		25	11	22	5

Average of England and Wales.

Per Quarter	59	1	39	0	27	6	20	0

November 25—Peck Loaf 3s 1d.

GENERAL ABSTRACT *of the* POPULATION *of* SCOTLAND. *according to the Enumeration made under the Authority of an Act of Parliament, in* 1801.

Counties.	*Males.*	*Females.*	*Total.*
Aberdeen	55,625	67,457	123,082
Argyle	33,767	38,092	71,849
Ayr	39,666	44,640	84,306
Banff	16,067	19,740	35,807
Berwick	14,294	16,327	30,621
Bute	5,552	6,239	11,791
Caithneſs	10,183	12,426	22,609
Clackmanan	5,064	5,794	10,858
Cromarty	1,351	1,701	3,052
Dumbarton	9,796	10,914	20,710
Dumfries	25,407	29,190	54,597
Edinburgh	54,224	68,730	122,954
Elgin	11,763	14,942	26,705
Fife	42,952	50,791	93,743
Forfar	45,461	53,666	99,127
Haddington	13,890	16,096	29,986
Inverneſs	33,801	40,491	74,292
Kincardine	12,104	14,245	26,349
Kinroſs	3,116	3,609	6,725
Kirkudbright	13,619	15,592	29,211
Lanark	68,100	78,599	146,699
Linlithgow	8,129	9,715	17,844
Nairne	3,639	4,618	8,257
Orkney and Shetland	20,793	26,031	46,824
Peebles	4,160	4,575	8,735
Perth	58,808	67,558	126,366
Renfrew	36,068	41,988	78,056
Roſs	24,143	28,148	52,291
Roxburgh	15,813	17,869	33,682
Selkirk	2,356	2,714	5,070
Stirling	23,875	26,950	50,825
Sutherland	10,425	12,692	23,117
Wigtown	10,570	12,348	22,918
	734,487	864,487	1,599,068

LIST *of ſome of the* PRINCIPAL TOWNS.

	Inhabitants.		Inhabitants.
Aberdeen	17,597	Dunbar	3,971
Campbeltown	7,093	Inverneſs	8,732
Rotheſay	5,231	Lanark	4,692
Alloa	5,214	Glaſgow	77,385
Dumbarton	2,541	Perth	14,878
Dumfries	7,288	Greenock	17,458
Edinburgh, with N and S Leith	82,560	Paiſley Town and Abbey	31,179
Dunfermline	9,980	Port-glaſgow	3,865
Dundee	26,084	Falkirk	8,838
Montroſe	7,974	Stirling	5,256

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, October 1802.

D	H.	Baro.	T.out	T.in.	H.	C.	Wind.	Weather, &c. Rain 1,77
1	7	30,38	47,5	59	56	f	S 1	not cloudy. fine
	2	30,33	62	62,5	54	1	W 1	. thick upward at night . fine
2	7	30,28	58	63	57	1	W 1	hazy
	2	30,28	68,5	67	55	2	W 1	hazy. clear night
3	7	30,17	56	63	57	1	SW 1	
	2	30,04	71	67	50	1	SW 2	: thick upward
4	7	29,79	62	64	53	h	WSW 2	. shower. little rain
	2	29,88	62	64	54	5	WSW 3	. less wind at eve: fine
5	7	30.04	53	60	51	1	W 2	
	2	30,25	59	61	43	2	W 1	. clear night
6	7	30,24	48	53	51	2	W 1	hazy
	2	30,15	62,5	61	47	3	W 1	
7	7	30,05	49,5	59	54	4	WSW 1	hazy
	2	30,14	62	61,5	48	3	W 1	hazy. more cloudy eve: fine
8	7	29,8	55	60,5	54	2	WSW 2	. cloudy little wet at times
	2	29,80	64	63	55	5	SW 3	. little wet: less wind and gentle rain
9	7	29,60	57	63,5	56	h	W 1	chiefly small rain: rain
	2	29,66	52,5	61,5	55	h	W 1	rain. fine at sunset. cloudy. fine
10	7	29,99	43	56	51	1	W 1	
	2	30,15	52,5	57	47	2	W 2	. hazy night
11	7	30,28	43,5	54	54	f	W 0	. little wind s and cloudy: fine
F	2	30,17	55	57,5	52	3	S 2	: much rain
12	7	29,78	55	59	66	h	S 2	chiefly rain
	2	29 69	61	61,5	64	5	W 1	
13	7	30,06	51	57	54	3	NNW 2	
	2	30.29	57	58,5	52	3	N 2	. cloudless hazy night
14	7	30,54	42	54	56	f	N 0	. fine
	2	30,58	52,5	56	52	2	NNE 1	hazy
15	7	30,55	42	53	59	h	ENE 1	not cloudy. fine
	2	30,41	54	56	48	1	E 1	hazy
16	7	30,34	42,5	53	59	1	E 0	hazy
	2	30,25	54	55,5	49	1	E 1	
17	7	30,04	36	50	53	f	ENE 0	. fine
	2	29,90	47,5	51,5	56	1	W 1	
18	7	29,81	45	52	57	h	W 0	. little rain. fine: thick upward and rain
	2	29,81	55,5	55	61	h	W 1	little rain
19	7	29,72	57,5	56	64	5	SW 2	. little rain at times
	2	29,59	59,5	59	63	5	SSW 3	. rain at times and less wind at night: fair [fine
20	7	29,71	50	57,5	60	1	SW 1	
	2	29,82	55,5	58,5	52	1	WSW 1	. little wet but fine. clear night
21	7	30,02	49	55	58	1	SSW 1	. more wind and cloudy. fine
	2	30,00	59,5	58	55	3	SSW 3	. cloudy night
22	7	29,98	57	58	58	5	S 3	. little rain. less cloudy: cloudy
	2	29,91	58,5	59	56	5	S 3	. less wind. little rain. fine night
23	7	30,04	51,5	57,5	55	3	SW 1	hazy. fine: more cloudy
	2	30,07	60	60	52	4	SSW 2	. little rain at night: much rain
24	7	29,94	55	59	64	h	S 1	little rain. fine
	2	29,82	61	61	59	4	SSE 1	. clear night: cloudy. fine
25	7	29,57	57	61	62	3	SSE 1	. thick upward. wind w and chiefly drizzling
	2	29,57	53,5	60	59	h	W 1	much gentle rain: fine
26	7	29,59	47	56,5	57	1	S 1	
N	2	29 63	55	58,5	56	3	SSW 2	. little rain. fine
27	7	29,72	48,5	56	60	f	NW 1	. little rain
	2	29,71	52,5	57	60	5	NW 1	hazy. less cloudy. thick upward. clear night:
28	7	29,71	43	54,5	60	0	WNW 1	little foggy. fine and wind s [rain. fine
	2	29,58	53	50	53	1	SSE 2	. cloudy. fine: rain. fine
29	7	29,36	51,5	55,5	60	3	SE 1	. more cloudy
	2	29.41	55	56,5	58	4	W 1	. fine
30	7	29,50	41	51	60	3	W 1	foggy. more foggy. fine
	2	29,48	52,5	54	54	2	S 1	
31	7	29,55	40	51	60	2	E 1	. thick upward. little rain
	2	29,58	48	52	58	4	NNE 1	. clear night

PRICES of STOCKS, from OCTOBER 29 to NOVEMBER 26, 1802, both inclusive.

By ANTHONY CLARKE, Stockbroker, No. 29, Princes-Street, Lothbury.

Day	Bank Stock.	3 per C. reduced.	3 per C. consols.	4 per C. Anns.	Old 5 per C. Conf.	New 5 per C. Anns.	Long Anns.	Short Anns.	India Stock.	Imperial 3 per C. shut.	Imperial Ann. shut.	Exc. Bills 3d per day	Exc. Bills 3½d p. day	Engliſh Lot. Tic.
29	180	66 ⅔	67½ ⅝	83 ⅛	100 ⅞	99 ⅞	19 ⅛		203 ¼			4s. pr.	1s d.f.	
30		67 ¼	67½a68¼		101	100	19 ¼	4 ½				4	1	
1		67 ¼	68¼a⅛									4	2	
2	180	67 ⅛	68⅛a66⅞	83 ⅞	100 ⅞	100	19 ¾	4 ½	204 ½			4	2	
3	180 ¼	67 ¼	68⅛a67¼	83 ⅛	100 ⅞	99 ¼	19 ¾	4 ½				3	1	
4		67 ½	67⅞a68¼	83 ⅛	100 ¾								4s. pr.	
5	180 ¼	68	68⅛a¼	83 ⅛		99 ¼							2	
6	180 ¼	67 ⅛	68⅛a67⅞	83 ⅛	100 ¼	99 ¼	19 ¾	4 ½	204			4	2	
8		67 ⅛	67½a68⅛	83 ⅛	100 ⅜	99 ¼	19 ¾	4 ½	203			4	2	
9										shut.				
10	180 ¼	67	67½a⅞	83 ⅛	100 ¾	99 ⅞	19 ¾	4 ½	204			4	2	
11	180 ½	67 ¼	68⅛a67¾	83 ⅛	100 ⅞	100	19 ¾		203 ½			4	2	
12	180 ½	67	67⅞a68	83 ⅛	100 ¼	99 ⅞	19 ⅝		202 ¼			4	2	
13		66 ⅞	67⅞a⅞	83 ⅛	100 ¼	99 ⅞	19 ⅝	4 ½				4	1	
15	180	66 ⅞	67⅞a⅞	83 ⅛	101	100	19 ⅝		203			4	3	
16	180 ¼	67	67⅞a68⅛	83 ⅛	101 ⅛	100 ⅛	19 ⅝		202 ¾			4	3	
17	180	66 ⅞	67⅞a¾	83 ⅛	101 ⅛	100 ⅛	19 ⅝	4 ½	202			3	2	
18	179 ¼	66 ⅞	67¼a68	83 ⅛	101	100 ⅛	19 ⅝	4 ½				2	1	
19	179 ½	67	67⅛a⅞	83 ⅛	101	100 ⅛	19 ⅝	4 ½	202			2	1	
20	179 ¼	67	67⅞a68	83 ⅛	101	100 ⅛	19 ⅝					3	2	
22	179	67	67⅞a68⅛	83 ⅛	101 ¼	100 ⅛	19 ⅝		202 ½			3	2	
23	179	67	67¼a68	83 ⅛	101 ⅛	100 ⅛	19 ⅝		202 ¼			3	2	
24	178 ¼	66 ⅞	67¼a67⅞	83 ⅛	101	100 ⅛	19 ⅝	4 ½					2	18 1 0
25	178 ¼	66 ⅝	67⅛a¼	83	100 ⅞	100	19 ¼		202				1	18 2 0
26	178 ¼	66 ¼	67⅝a⅞	83	101	100	19 ⅜		202 ½				1	18 3 0

☞ In the 3 per Cent. conſols. the higheſt and loweſt Price of each Day is given; in every other Article the higheſt Price only, the Long, Short, and Imperial Annuities annexed, which are given within a fixteenth of the higheſt Price. In the different Funds that are ſhut, the Prices are given with the Dividend till the Days of Opening.